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EXCLUSIVE:

PETER C. NEWMAN

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This is my son

supposed to get along. Unfortunately, in practice, the Israelis have to blast the hell out of the Palestinians to get rid of the terrorist suicide bombers. Then, these same Israelis provide the Palestinians with an opportunity to receive the finest medical services in the world. What a crazy world we live in.

It's been a long time since I've read a truly inspirational news story, but Dr. Armin Neyck proves that no matter what the political differences between people, we can find common ground to mutual understanding and benefit.

Seeking the views of an independent, conservative Ontario spokesperson on the meeting between Stephen Harper and John Chalk, your Ontario Bureau Chief named to Bob Dechert, describing him as "a Toronto lawyer prominent in manufacturing business pressure for an end to vote-splitting on the right" ("The leaves will be out," *Canada*, April 22). He did say how Dechert gained his prominence. Well, Dechert is a member of the Canadian Alliance, an immediate past member of its National Council, and chair of the party's Ontario Blue Committee. He is neither independent nor representative of Ontario conservatives.

When Editor Anthony Wilson Smith is "stumped" old, when asked by a reader to give a simple explanation as to what the Palestinians and the Israelis are fighting over," he touches a situation even more tragic than he imagines (The puzzle of the Middle East piece). From the Editor, April 12). In great part, the terms of the eventual peace agreement are already widely known. The core lies in Israel giving up more of the settlements and Palestinians giving up the right of return so farred. This combined with mutual border adjustments, mainly around Jerusalem, shared jurisdiction over parts of the Old City and a public declaration in three languages that territories by all residents will be not merely condemned, makes up the pre-

David B. Franklin, Editor

Charles Leduc, Vancouver

I offer up this extremely simple explanation of what the Palestinians and Israelis are fighting over: water. Israel's west since 1948 have always been fixated over control

The letter from Norman Alexander stating that he doesn't remember signs at Toronto burning Jews from entering certain areas brought back memories ("Hitler's toll," April 8). From early September to December, 1956, I stayed at the YMCA on College Street. Between the YMCA and Yonge Street there was a sign over the door of a barbershop that read "Gentiles only." Sorry to burst your writer's bubble.

J.B. Jones, Sudbury, Ont.

I grew up in Toronto's Beach area during the 1920s and '30s and I remember signs on the beach saying "Gentiles only." I believe they came down after the war started—after all, we were all in the same war. Hopefully those days are gone forever.
Gladys Weiss, Chatham, Ont.

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Overture

Edited by Shanda Dezell with Amy Cameron

Over and Under Achievers

► **Jacques Chénier** Heading deposed French president creates conditions for extremist **Justin Trudeau** to become break-through. Chénier will win runoff vote, but still 100K like a loser

► **Charles Aznavour** Enigmatic, apolitical French singer and actor gives farewell concerts in Toronto and Montreal. French politics? Not much French and? French!

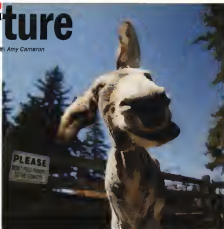
► **Dan** New deal will see liquid essence of French kids distributed in U.S. and Canada by... Coca-Cola Co. Nike American-Bush to market Don Phipps as King of Champagne

► **Jack-Maria Bessière** Veteran of Infemera's best brought a big dash of Canada in 2000—Scraggy Co. but for its movie studio, not the same too. Now the French media giant's stock is a world-class dud. Jack-Maria could probably see that drink.

► **Willem Macdonald** F.E.I. Tony MLL maverick Pen-film comments about decline of "heller" editors and the rise of visible minorities. He apologized, but his words remind us that certain views are transatlantic

No Cannes duel

► **David Cronenberg** and **Allen Eggen** squaring off in competition at the Cannes Film Festival. They have already tangled on the Red Sea As Cannes jury member in 1998, Eggen went out of his way to help secure a prize for Cronenberg's



When a donkey's work is done

Some might say that **Sandra Pady** is a donkey's best friend. In 1992, the former schoolteacher started the Donkey Sanctuary of Canada in Guelph, Ont. The not-for-profit charity prides a home to domestic "horses or mules that are unwanted, neglected or abused." In the 14th decade, Pady has taken in and cared for 88 and made up the 40-hr farm she shares with her husband, **Randy**. One of her favorites is **Chicklet**, a two-year-old donkey that was abandoned

in Kingston, Ont. "He was only five months old and had been in a field all winter without shelter," she says. "His ears were frostbitten, his hooves had never been trimmed and he was very skinny. He was a sad looking little guy but, after being with us he's just beautiful."

The firm costs \$100,000 annually to run and is funded solely through private contributions. The sanctuary is open to the public on Sundays and Wednesdays, and a Donkey Day full of

COURTESY DONKEY SANCTUARY

staging, dancing and animal races, is held in June. Last year, the event raised \$15,000. The firm welcomes any-size donation. For \$150 Pady will add the donkey's name to a board at the sanctuary entrance. A gift of \$1,000 feeds a donkey for a year and donors receive updates and photos of their "adopted" animal. If the firm drops, individuals can contribute money to cover specific costs, including carrots for a week at \$36, or a bale of hay for \$3.50. No word on how much to give the tail on the donkey. **John Jellal**



Shining a light on Swift's legacy

In his bed and bathroom, 19th-century Irish author **Jonathan Swift** prescribed the same of 12,000 pounds "purchase a Piece of Land, situated near or Steven's Hospital (in Dublin), and in building thereon an Hospital for the Reception of Idiots and Lunatics." The hospital was to be called St. Patrick's and future income made off other lands belonging to Swift was to be used to repair and enlarge the building from time to time. St. Patrick's was opened in 1767, 12 years after Swift's death, and today is one of the oldest psychiatric hospitals in the world.

This discovery informed the design proposal put forward by the two firms. A single-story building with a roof that mimics the amount of natural light allowing sunlight to reach all the rooms, not just areas on the outside

building itself therapeutic. While reading Swift's Hospital, A History of St. Patrick's Hospital Dublin, 1745-1780, architect **Jonathan Kearns** found something interesting. "It seems curious that St. Patrick's was quite a lot over the course of the year," says Kearns. "It would drop to its lowest levels during the summer months and peaked its highest in the winter months." Kearns then came across current research linking exposure to light with the treatment of mental health disorders.

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There's enough on Aaron's plate

A substantial loss

Drunk Lasser was desperate to lose weight. At his heaviest, the high school teacher from Vermont, N.S., tipped the scales at 325 lb. He'd tried everything—even eating a hypodermic to and his love affair with pork loin. Nothing worked. Then a friend joked about the Subway restaurant just made famous by TV commercials featuring Americans **Jared Fogle**, who lost 225 lb. After two months on the all-nub regimen, Lasser has lost 42 lb. His goal is to shed 125 lb. and 12 inches from his 46-inch waistline by next March. "The diet has already changed my confidence," he says. "Before losing weight, even going to the grocery store was a little bit of a hassle. Now I'm wanted. I'll see someone who I know I'll put on a hundred pounds."

For Lasser, 2008, chooses a six-pack sandwich containing less than six grams of fat. And many derivate of a 12-inch reggie also hold the mayo and cheese, also taking malintention and walks at least two kilometers a day. "It would be hard if I was just eating potatoes," he says. "It's amazing, but I don't light through meals anymore." Lasser remains committed, the owner of the Vermont Subway will reimburse him the year's worth of money spent on sides, and a local store is donating clothing as he drops in size. Proof that being lazier goes home. **Shanda Dezell**

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Over to You ANNE MARIE ATKINS

Seeing the rainbow

In February last year, I wrote in *Maclean's* about the importance of my son's black heritage to building his self-esteem. It was a very personal account of the struggles and challenges Haile, who is now 7, faced living in a small community I told of leaving our hometown of Barrie, Ont., for Toronto, and the ways I am raising an 8-year-old and an 8-year-old woman to help him understand and appreciate his history and identity.

I was fully prepared for the reaction our story would cause. Following the article, I did a number of media interviews and talks shows. People responded with very emotional and defensive comments like "How dare you deny Haile's white background?" Many scorned offended by my approach to parenting my son and, sadly, some accused me of name-calling.

But I also heard from many kind-hearted people. Some told me heart-breaking stories of growing up confused about their identity, never knowing where they belonged. Though they felt the sting of racism, there was little support because they were never encouraged to connect with the black community. Their history helps encourage me to keep strengthening Haile's support circle—which includes his father, who has nearby—so he grows up not only knowing who he is, but proud of his heritage.

My article described the molten Haile felt in a predominantly white school. It was clear the black children were compelled to be better and behave more compliantly to avoid being labelled. And though usually the teachers seemed supportive of the idea I took telling our story—which made me hopeful they were open to learning about racism—we would soon be disappointed.

Things got worse for Haile when he began visiting his hair salon. His classmates tormented him in the playground by pointing at him as they laughed at his hair. The children would boldly speak about black people in derogatory ways, saying they were all dumb and only good in sports. One boy even expanded on calling Haile's "tigger hair" because no teacher witnessed the act.

Haile was constantly in trouble and his grades were falling. It became a daily struggle to repair his self-esteem, and the administration took few positive steps to protect him from the discrimination. Nor did they seem willing to address my concern that racism could be affecting their treatment of

my son. We finally made the difficult decision to move to a new school closer to home in our much more diverse, albeit much lower income, neighbourhood.

Last summer's troubles of so many young black men in Toronto caught our attention as Haile recently prepared to make the first year. He worried every day the kids would hate him. "We were both anxious about his future. Sometimes we felt like escaping back to our small hometown to live within its illusory sense of peace, but we assumed the urge to achieve ourselves from the diversity of the city."

On the first day of school last September, Haile was amazed to see such a rainbow of colours—there are black and Hispanic, Chinese and Middle Eastern, and a number of mixed-race children in his class. They have celebrated Kwanzaa, Ramadan, Hanukkah, Christmas, Martin Luther King's birthday, Black History Month and Chinese New Year. The school administration makes an effort to accommodate cultural customs and the curriculum incorporates a special sensitivity to racism. Haile's teacher has adopted the wisdom that it takes a community to raise a child and make him feel loved and accepted. For the first time at school, he feels respected as a young black person, desired and all.

This commitment to equality and respect for diversity was never more evident than in their handling of the commemorative event of Sept. 11. The teachers discussed the tragedy and the ongoing military conflict in Afghanistan in a manner reflecting an understanding of the connections of world events to racism. This kind of progressive thinking helps us resist reactionary violence and develop a vision of global peace.

The blossoming of Haile's awareness of the diversity of black people could be seen when we attended this year's Kwanzaa Festival to celebrate African Heritage Month. He read during *Ujamaa Week's* critically acclaimed play, *The Adventure of a Black Girl in Search of God*, and reported during the *Art and Culture of Black Hair Show* my son made me beam with pride and laugh out loud when, after listening to African drummers, he said "Don't you wish you were black, Mom?"

I am all the more convinced that knowing where he is from will help guide Haile into the future and help him triumph over the legacy of racism.

Anne Marie Atkins is a freelance writer in Toronto.



The Week That Was



No 'place' for abuse—or for zero tolerance

Roman Catholics gathered here in Rome, surprised by Pope John Paul II for talks about the sex abuse scandal that has rocked the Church in the United States. The Pope begins the two-day meeting with a strong condemnation of child sexual abuse, saying "there is no place in the priesthood and

religious life for those who would harm the young." But the Pope also implied that priests guilty of abuse might become a second chance—leading to fears that the tough policies some offices were hoping for. In fact, when the talks ended, the cardinals did not recommend a zero tolerance policy. Instead, the final

document said the Church should establish a process for absolving "a priest who has become guilty of the mortal, predatory sexual abuse of minors." In other cases, cardinals

in other cases, cardinals would be left to determine whether a priest should be dismissed. Some offices did not even discuss the issue of abuse was a huge step forward



But abuse is still clearly expected since "the Pope is saying priests can stay priests until they're proved to have abused a child," said John Kelly, who leads the Survivors of Child Abuse. "The safety of children is still taking a back seat to the good standing of a priest."

Don't touch the mace

A week after hosting the ceremonial mace, the symbol of parliamentary authority over his head to protect Liberal dominance of the House of Commons, the Canadian Alliance's Keith Martin apologized to MPs and took his seat in the House. On April 23, parliamentarians voted 173-48 to suspend him for what he admitted was a premeditated act of civil disobedience. Martin, whose punishment lasted one day

after the mace—which according to tradition is not to be touched by anyone except the speaker—was given the mace to the Liberal caucus. His protest member's bill to discontinue the mace. "Parliament," he said at the time. "Is now a disorderly place and MPs have their heads and tails bound together."

Another murder-suicide

For the second time in seven months, Montrealers faced the grisly news

that a father had killed his family and then taken his own life. According to police, Martin Breussard, 33, a mid-level distributor, killed his wife, Louise Breussard, and their two children, Clément, 4, and 10-month-old Benjamin, before helping himself to the living room of his family's new home in the suburbs of Longueuil. The couple separated last fall but sought reconciliation. Breussard had a strong presence in the home. Last

September, Jane Brown killed his wife, three sons, two and father-in-law before shooting himself at his West Island home.

Conflicting accounts

The Canadian Forces accused Warburg Minister Sheila Copps of being in a conflict of interest after Polar Securities, the wealthy daughter of a now-profit organization that received money from her department, signed on as her chief fundraiser in



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STARWOOD PREFERRED GUEST



the unacknowledged Liberal leadership role. Sounness, head of the Toronto Office of Fame, announced that he plans to raise up to \$7 million for Coppi's eventual campaign when Jean Chrétien steps down. The Walk of Fame, which honours Canadian entertainment and sports celebrities, has received \$1 million from the Heritage department since 1999. The accusations elicited an angry response from Chrétien, who said there had been no wrongdoing and that Sounness gained no financial benefit from the federal grant awarded to his corporation.

The Liberal government is planning to drop its controversial anti-terrorism bill and replace it with a watered-down version that does not include any of the broad powers the government sought in the wake of the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks. Bill C-43 was criticised because it would have allowed the government to create new regulations without asking Parliament, and given the minister of defence the power to designate any part of the country a military security zone without a province's consent. The government did, however, enact Bill C-38 in December which will give new powers to investigate and detain to law-enforcement agencies.

A 19-year-old student who had been expelled several months ago went on a shooting rampage in his former school in Erfurt in eastern Germany, killing at least 16 people and wounding some 30 others. According to police, most of those who died were teachers, but at least two youths were killed in the attack. Also dead was a policeman who had been among the first to charge into the building after authorities received a call for help from a school janitor. Witnesses said the student, who killed himself as police overtook him, fatally struck an 18-year-old



had a handgun and shotgun and was dressed entirely in black as he roamed the corridors looking for victims. "I heard shooting and thought it was a joke," said one fearful 23-year-old. "But then I saw a teacher dead in the hallway."

In a bid to halt the further collapse of Argentina's currency President Eduardo Duhalde may again peg the peso to the U.S. dollar. The peso has lost 70 per cent of its value since it was scrapped from the green-back in January at the urging of the Washington-based International Monetary Fund. As the peso collapsed in value, riots flared in the country and bank machines ran dry, leaving thousands of Argentinians without any means of purchasing food and other supplies.

One of George W. Bush's top advisers assigned her post to move back to Texas. Karen Hughes called the most powerful woman alive to serve as a White House adviser charged with her sudden reassignment to homeland and a desire to spend more time with his 15-year-old son Robert and husband Jerry. Hughes, 45, who was responsible for cultivating the president's public image and oversee communications, speech writing and media affairs at the White House, helped Bush launch his political career during his campaign to become Texas governor in 1994. She collected many important meeting and would often rewrite the President's public statements.

BC's Liberal government announced health care cuts to "fix the system" according to Health Services Minister Colin Ikenson. These rural hospitals will close, hundreds of beds will disappear and thousands of health-care workers will lose their jobs over the next three years. Among other changes, some emergency wards will be staffed only by nurses at night, a number of residential-care facilities for seniors will close as the government places new emphasis on assisted living in the community and the government will begin charging for some services. Critics and the farmers worried the tightening of the provisions of BC's Health Care

An Israeli soldiers'rafined to detain the suspected terrorists in Palestinian towns across the West Bank, UN investigators were preparing to travel to the Jordan refugee camp to begin a fact-finding mission. Palestinians claim that hundreds of civilians died during eight days of fighting there. After a series of meetings and in brackets but to postpone the visit the UN team was expected to arrive on the weekend. Meanwhile negotiations continued at the Church of the

Dishing it out
The Supreme Court of Canada ruled that unlicensed satellite signal providers breach the Radio Communication Act, which outlaws the unauthorized decoding of encrypted television signals. The decision could mean hefty fines for those who provide subscribers unlicensed satellite TV from U.S. or other foreign sources. The court left it open for those so-called gray-market providers to challenge the federal law under the Charter.

Awarded: Victoria G.C., author of *Coral Shields*, 65, received the prestigious 2002 Charles Taylor Price for Literary Merit Fiction Shields, who is battling breast cancer, war-torn father/boy member, June 1998.



managing editor of the *Haitian Daily News* has resigned after 18 years with the paper. In March, Tupper publicly disagreed with his Southern employers after they spiked a column criticizing the paper's owners, by **Stephan Kimber**, the head of University of King's College school of journalism.

Dead: In 1954, while playing offense for the Montreal Alouettes, John (Jack) O'Quinn, of Buffalo Bills N.C. football. Jay Cap records that return to the day O'Quinn, 76, died in Ottawa after a long illness.

Periodic Wells is the new chair of the Creative Journalism Foundation. The non-profit organization was created 12 years ago to encourage excellence in news media.

Awarded: John Lawrence Reynolds of Burlington Ont. has won the \$15,000 National Business Book Award for *What's How to Buy Smart: How to Buy Smart: How to Buy Smart* and *How to Buy Smart*. The book is about **Michael Michael** and a list of new business opportunities.



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A "thunderbolt" from the extreme right

Given the French tradition of indulging in pruned ballots during the first round of presidential elections, some degree of disappointment was expected. But the outcome shocked the nation. Socialist Prime Minister Lionel Jospin, widely expected to emerge from the April 21 balloting as the contender in the final round runoff against right-wing President Jacques Chirac, was swept from the fray by extreme-right, ultra-nationalist Jean-Marie Le Pen. Le Pen won 16.7 per cent of the vote, only three percentage points behind Chirac's 15.9, edging out Jospin (at 16.2 per cent) in a result that the prime minister called a "thunderbolt" as he announced his resignation from politics.

In the wake of the upset, the focus turned to explanations: "The conflict in the Middle East, and the rise of anti-Israel sentiment and outright anti-Semitism in France, was looked on as one reason

for Le Pen's success (the leader of the National Front once dominated French elections in "le désert du Nord," the heart of the Second World War). Fear of crime and social chaos may also have been a factor. According to one poll, 74 per cent of Le Pen's supporters in the election voted for him because of "insecurity" (Le Pen, 73, has promised to end immigration, much of it Arab, and crack down on crime).

Le Pen is not expected to beat Chirac in the May 5 runoff with French voters, many of whom voted for Jospin candidates in the first round of balloting, pledging to support Chirac. But he was certainly enjoying the limelight. "We are witnessing the end of an epoch in which a decadent, corrupt and sclerotic political system is sinking," he declared. "It's the combat of David against Goliath, and even so, David has brought his bow."



Citizens of Marseille take to the streets to protest against Le Pen (above); the cardinals on election day (middle); demonstrators at the European Parliament in Brussels

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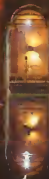


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Allan Fotheringham

A place fit for lovers

These are, as we know, learned women appearing in the pencil press every other week, explaining that children deprived of TV turn out to be paragons of virtue, lovely little beasts who do not hit one another, or wear in their no-doubt perfect parents. Psychiatrists, school educators, social workers all agree that shutting down the daily exposure to violence, shooting, sex, not to mention the language on *The Sopranos*, is the greatest invention since penicillin.

Has anyone thought of the opposite, doing the same things for adults? Deprive grown adults of their daily dose of Larry King, hockey, suicide bombers in a Tel Aviv disco, weather reports of snow in Edmonton and the stark maroon lustrous nosecone of who in Enson should be put in the slumlord? Do the shrink ever look into this never-before investigated experiment? The hell with the kids. Think culture-shocked grown people.

The way to do this heretofore-never-expected phenomenon is to go to a small island in the middle of a large ocean. The ocean would be called the Atlantic. The island is called Bermuda—roughly in about the same latitude as South Carolina. The solution to cutting one off from the boring ways of the world is a half-century-old inn where, it turns out, the rooms are fitted with neither TV nor even radio. A good excuse is a wedding anniversary—looking over the state women and the ponding surf. Suddenly, Peter Jennings and Peter Mansbridge, not to mention Sheryl Rogers, are not all that important.

Lovely little Bermuda was stumbled upon in 1503 by the Spanish mariner Juan Bermúdez—hence its name. It's composed of some 150 tiny little outgrowths, products of an ancient submarine volcano, and the women reach five kilometers deep. It wasn't settled until 1609 when a Brit sailing vessel, headed for Jamestown, Va., was wrecked on its coral reefs. The sailors called it the Isles of Devils—because of so many ships wrecked on its shores. It survived on whaling, tobacco, the salt trade and piracy. There are still two guns that were mounted two centuries later to keep Napoleon at bay.

When you enter the Coral Beach & Tennis Club, which as we learn has never heard of TV or radio, there is a cheery call of "Hello!" It comes from Akrona, a pinot in a cage in the front lobby. He is a double yellow-head amazon (*Amastris Ochrocephala Ostris*), born in 1993. Amazon has a lifespan of some 30 to 60 years—which is more than you can say of some of the suspects spotted in the bar. His sign says PLEASE DO NOT 1. Touch me bad language 2. Feed me.

3. Touch me. 4. Polar me (dangerous). 5. Shoot at me. 6. Beat me with name thinner like "Polly Wanta a Cracker?" Thank you and bon appetit.

It is an odd island, so you must understand—not having discovered TV or radio—and thus the tiny, narrow roads were designed for horse and buggy. Until after the Second World War, private cars were not allowed, the only transport by bicycle or carriage. Current visitors shoulder in horse in the narrow small cars, armed with great aplomb by taxi drivers, slide past their oncoming opponents with 15 cm differences between their side mirrors—while they smile at each other. The tiny roads are lined with stiff stone fences, the result being that the average number of goofy tourists (some of them on wedding anniversaries) who kill themselves on motorbikes each year is about 12.

In Bermuda, there's a resort with neither TV nor radio, where one is cut off from the boring ways of the world

All the women at the Coral Beach wear knee socks and Bermuda shorts—this is where the apparel was invented. All the American women think the disgraced Duke of Windsor—called from Buck House when he renounced the Crown to marry "the woman I love"—was shipped here to become governor of Bermuda. They are crushed to discover that he went further south to become governor of the Bahamas.

They still have a Brit governor here, but now an elected premier who is, as the should be, of a different hue, and Bermuda—like Canada—is naturally still a part of the Commonwealth. The Coral Beach is proud of the fact that at its first tennis invitational, in 1939, the men's singles was won by W. Donald McNeill, who in the same year won the U.S. Lawn Tennis Championship at Forest Hills in New York. And the first lady champion, Miss Gwynn Wheeler, defeated Mrs. Sarah Palfrey Cooke in the finals at Forest Hills.

The thing about Bermuda is that it is even more beautiful than all those Riviera joints like Cannes and Nice, every house and every hotel is a sherbet-tinted colour, pink and white, purple and white, puce and white, all matching the dazzling shimmering colours of an ocean that matches the eyes of Bo Derek. Every honeymoon couple—many of course—snooze around the right arm, also on the back of the motorbike, he cooing to her.

Even better, this fuddy old club with the pinot and the lady in knee socks has belonged to the South family of Bermuda for eight generations, ever since Capt. Christopher South sailed from England in 1624 on a ship called *Barnon*, and decided not to Good on them. There is nothing better on a wedding tour than to know that TV and radio don't exist.

FORTUNE'S CHILD

The cerebral new boss of Thomson Corp. is unique, operating so far outside the box he's not even in the warehouse

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Shortly after I first met David Thomson, he invited me to his Rosedale mansion in Toronto, which was really an art gallery with kitchens, bathrooms and bedrooms stretched. Of all his many art objects he showed me that day, the most memorable was a magnificent depiction in gilded, almost petrified wood of the Crucifixion, with a suffering, near life-size Jesus mounted on a cross. The carving had been the focal point of an understated church in southern Germany during the last quarter of the 12th century. "The agony of Christ is pronounced with the hips slightly arched," he explained. "The profile of Jesus' head is quite spectacular. In this piece, one confronts the beginnings of Gothic carving and the tremendous expansion of the northern world."

He went on and on, proving the creative genius of the holy sculpture adorning his living room, speaking in a garrulous monotone, his throat muscles stretched by the force of his concentration. Overcome by the emotional intensity of the moment, I reacted with one of the great gaffes of uninformant art commentary.

"Look at those nails," I offered helpfully, "how honest and raw they are."

"Well, no actually, I put them there myself," he shot back, looking at me as if I had just thrown up on his floor. "They're what the cross is hanging on."

That start.

I remembered that small incident of a decade ago as David Thomson prepared to move into the top job next week as chairman of Thomson Corp., one of the world's largest electronic information providers, with 2001 revenues of \$11.2 billion. Its stock, 73 per cent of it owned by the Thomson family, is currently worth \$34.8 billion. Ken Thomson, David's 78-year-old father who is stepping down as Thomson Corp. chairman, is Canada's richest man, and the family's total holdings, worth \$24 billion, put it at 13th place on the *Forbes* list of the world's richest. With his corporate ascension, David Thomson becomes the custodian of the country's largest privately controlled enterprise. (The next largest Canadian fortune, owned by the Wilson family, is worth less than a third as much.)

Borned with an original mind, a bevy of ideas constantly in ferment, the 44-year-old heir is starting out on the journey for which he has been musing all of his

perceivably adult life. As new chief of the clan, he will guide a digital information empire which operates in 145 countries and is radically changing the way business is done.

It will be a fascinating spectacle. David Thomson may well be the prototype 21st-century global executive, a corporate space cadet who follows an existential path to highly profitable self-enlightenment. His



Ray Thomson, according to David (right), had 'an encyclopaedia ability to seize opportunities'



(Thomson family portrait)

thought process is original and daring. No ledge of a major Canadian firm between or acts like him. He operates so far outside the box he's not even in the warehouse.

A cerebral maverick-bunny, he relies on a strictly intuitive approach to business decisions, which these days are more often based on whatever data overheard competent care to give out. "In the end," he told me in a lengthy recent interview, "judgment and intuition are still the elements of great success. One can have all of the numbers prepared, all the logistics, all the statistics run, but until one faces a human being, or a corporate entity, one really has no sense of its service, let alone its potential. How can one quantify success or failure? Is it a failure if it is not a financial success but instead a purpose, if it makes one move in another direction that is successful, that, in fact, is absolutely necessary as a learning curve I really believe in that I've experienced it."

There is a touch of contrarianism pervading about the man and his post-modern glibness, which reminds me of nothing so much as Miles Davis improvising his way to melodic truth. Street music is far looser, it's the loosey goosey character of jazz that gives it energy and allows it to regenerate itself. Thomson understands that hip approach. He lives it. "I am absolutely compelled to follow my feelings," has always been his mantra, "in I believe the right to live."

Even before he takes over, the youthful chairman made a tough decision. Despite heavy pressure from within that company headquarters ought to be moved south of the border, where most of its business companies, Thomson Corp. will remain based in Canada. "Absolutely, our head office is staying in Toronto," Thomson told me. "It feels good. It feels right. There is nothing more to say really."

Thomson has made it to the top with almost no public profile—until recently he granted no mainstream print or broadcast interviews except for the two occasions he has been asked to rise. (The last time was in the 1980s when I was researching my history of the Hudson's Bay Co.) He spends much of his spare time joyfully raising his daughters by his first marriage, Tanya Noelle, 11, and Tessa Lynn, 8. "They're a real source of inspiration," he says. "They're the cause of my life."

Thomson is extremely fit, tall and wiry with sandy hair and penetrating blue eyes.



His father and grandfather were hip readers

literary character in his thoughts and actions. Ask him the meaning of life, or the time of day and the hours follow into deep sleep (the French is too youthful to sleep supporting witless), the eyes grow reflective, and the brain cells send audible start churning. There is no small talk. Ever.

Educated at the Hall School in England and Toronto's Upper Canada College, the youthful David stayed away from the sports and military training in which both schools then specialized. He went on to read history at Cambridge, concentrating on studies of the civil service in India from the late 18th to the mid-19th centuries.

But one of Thomson's most significant formative influences was his grandfather, Roy Lord Thomson of Fleet. "He was very loosely and we covered for him about

business and people," the younger Thomson once told me. "His curious mind was always questioning why things were done in a particular way, seeking to understand the forces that affect people's judgment. He was an operator with an uncanny ability to seize opportunities that others couldn't see. This approach was in complete parallel to my own nature."

As a scion of the old man's spirit, David Thomson used to wear the copper bracelet his grandfather wore to ward off arthritis. The bracelet wore out, and Thomson now wears a replica.

The team set up by Roy Thomson, who died in 1976 after accumulating corporate assets worth at least \$750 million, formally designated David for future corporate responsibilities. "David, my grandson, will

CASHING IN ON THE DIGITAL INFORMATION REVOLUTION

While other Canadian media companies which remain bogged down by the steady pursuit of savingspace, Thomson Corp. has moved with lightning speed into new technologies that have revolutionized every aspect of business in the 21st century. By 2005, an estimated 90 per cent of Thomson's revenues will flow from products and services delivered electronically, mostly through the Internet. The rest will come from advertising and traditional ways of delivering information such as books.

That evolution in information delivery has been led and authored by David Thomson's father, Ken, whose hands-off management style has helped transform the once sleepy company. Day-in-day operations are handled by president and CEO Brian Hargrave, who is based in Stamford, Conn. When Ken Thomson became chairman of his father's death in 1970, what has become Thomson Corp. was considered by its newspaper holdings in North America and Britain, with assets of about \$750 million. Now, it has assets of \$28.5 billion with 44,000 employees throughout 53 countries.

Thomson Corp. is divided into four information divisions: Learning, Financial, Legal & Regulatory, and Scientific & Healthcare, with the last two performing annual revenue jumps last year of more than 30 per cent. Its leadership in Scientific Information provides 3.6 million links to full-text journal articles, and another company, Elsevier, boasts a database of 1.7 million genetic sequences. For doctors, there are databases that allow them to learn instantly which antibiotic combination will help a patient. For example, one doctor with liver and stomach cancer scores a 100% survival, including statistics and past case histories.

The key to Thomson Corp.'s modernization was

the decision to shed its newspaper and travel divisions. The family first grew rich as publisher of the oldest newspapers in the history of print, so loved that as well as enjoying that could bear to be wrapped in time. The shift, which was carried out by Thomson's father, Ken, began in 1970 when Ken sold the Canadian Press Daily Newspaper to the newly founded Canadian Press Western Star to leave Canada's Daily Newspaper devoted to several newspaper reporters and editors as independent journalists. The one exception was Toronto's Globe and Mail, which the company sold control of two years ago to BCE Inc. The latter division was spun off in 1988, after becoming Britain's largest charter operator with 43 charter jets. Sales of these two non-core divisions peaked at \$6.6 billion, which has since been re-invested into electronic publishing.

In the Thomson world, knowledge is not only power, it's profit.

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THE THOMSON EMPIRE

Chairman David Thomson (top left) President and CEO Brian Hargrave Thomson (bottom left) \$1.2 billion Operating profit \$1.2 billion Employees 44,000 in 53 countries (1,200 in Canada)

REVENUES BY MARKET GROUP



Source: Thomson Corp. (2004 Annual Report)

have to take his part in the running of the organization, and David's son, too," the dying Thomson wrote in his autobiography, spelling out the rules. "For the business to move forward in time for these future Thomsons, so that death debts will not eat up assets. These Thomson boys that come after Ken are not going to be able, even if they want to, to shirk off these responsibilities. The conditions of the trust ensure that control of the business will remain in Thomson hands for 30 years."

It was during his time in England that David Thomson first became seriously interested in art, as his father was before him. It quickly became an obsession, but has never been based on financial gain or social acceptance. Aware that any cultural hobby pursued by a rich kid was bound to

be dismissed as dilettantish, he developed a close relationship with the owner of a small London shop that served antique props to the film industry and who was also an expert in medieval art. Thomson's other significant art mentor was his father whose collection, David has said, "should be collected in its own category, even the frame mountings are harmonious."

David Thomson's father is genuine and profound. "Given my professional experience in so many fields, I have never felt more admiration for an individual. His contributions to the family and business have been absolute irreplaceable wisdom; it is the space that surrounds them, rather than the space they occupy, that truly matters." He adds: "My father's relationship with me has also

been remarkable, as you might expect." Becoming a world-class collector has been a wake-up call for the younger Thomson. "The art world has taught me harsh lessons on human nature," he has said. "Money does not open every door. A real collector will rarely sell a work unless he can replace it with something even greater that has more personal meaning." Thomson's most valuable acquisition was J.M.W. Turner's magnificent *Seascape, Folkestone*, which Kenneth Clark, the former director of London's National Gallery of Art, described as "the best picture in the world." David Thomson bought it at auction in 1984 for \$12.8 million, five years later it was valued at \$38.6 million. He has since sold it as a favour to a fellow collector who "needed it more than I did."

Thomson's most loving dedication is to John Constable, the miller's son who, along with Turner, dominated English landscape painting in the 19th century. He began collecting Constables as a teenager and his private collection now ranks at one of the world's best. "His sensibility has had a strong influence on my personal philosophy, which I carry forward in all walks of life, including business," Thomson has said. "So few people openly see and question scenes and events as he did. All too often subjects are viewed from a narrow perspective. Being possessed by imagination, curiosity and such dreamlike qualities doesn't mean one is incapable of pragmatism and tough decision-making. Whenever you lose for cause of idealism, you lose your reason for being."

That sense of idealism has taken Thomson into the soggy pastures of environmentalism, at least in the sense that he feels diminished unless he meets the challenges he sets for himself. Intensely attracted by the idea of war and danger, he has put together a London-based collection of photographs, diaries and letters documenting first-hand experiences of combat and other adventures throughout history. He once told me that he often imagines himself in battle. "It becomes excited as the thought of negotiating myself in varied situations, alongside Wellington in India, or being in a fighter aircraft attacking a formation of bombers and being vastly outnumbered. It's an interesting way to test yourself because you set your own limits."

"The emotional side of life journey is very important. It's all too easy to become cynical and to forget that we are all children at heart, that when you know the

yourself dreams behind, you leave a great part of your being forever, you abandon your sense of wonder and astonishment, the idea that you can be spiritually moved by something or someone. I take art so seriously because it's one of the few pursuits in which I can really unweave my soul. For me, the act of creation comes through in a better appreciation of business."

His artistic impulses have recently expanded to collecting works reflecting "a northern tradition of light" ranging from 15th-century Flemish and German paintings to 19th-century Scandinavian art. Thomson, who regrets he can't find enough time to indulge his own passion for drawing, also has extensive holdings of 20th-century Canadian paintings, as well as photography from the 19th and 20th century. He holds one of the largest private collections of drawings by the 19th-century British painter and etcher John Ruskin. In 2000, selections from Thomson's Ruskin collection formed the basis of a lavishly illustrated book, part of an art and culture series published by Pilkington Press of London.

As well, Thomson is gradually moving away from his penchant for maintaining his collections solely for private pleasure. Now, he regularly lends canvases to public exhibitions, and his own collection will almost certainly end up, as will his father's, at Toronto's Art Gallery of Ontario.

The young Thomson's learning curve in business matters moved to more valuable sport during the 1980s. He spent most of that decade with the Hudson's Bay Co., then owned by his family, working as a retailer, right down to selling socks at the Bay's Toronto department store and at a far-flung post in Prince Albert, Sask. "The position was dramatic," begins one of his biographies. "On July 4, 1980, I had successfully for an Edward March woodcut; the following week I was in Prince Albert, being taken to the post's backyard where 10 bear cubs were positioned on the cement floor, with fresh bloodstains and tissue mats."

At the time, some of his co-workers accused him of grilling underlings about their superior performance, then smothering those in charge on the basis of what he'd heard. They claimed that he could operate at only two speeds, full throttle or total indifference, and recalled HBC management meetings where he would grow bored, slump at his desk, and finally start reading a book. "David used to phone



His tastes range from the 15th-century Ruskin, *Lake Geneva: The Boy of the Bay of the Above* (top) to the contemporary Merce, *Afternoon Blue* (July 1982)

from Liechtenstein on a Sunday night and say, 'Hey boss, can I get Monday off?'" complained Winnipeg businessman Marvin Tilles, then in charge of the HBC's northern stores where the young Thomson put in some time.

Now, Thomson says the secret to successfully managing people is "patience and a great deal of empathy." He adds "One has to be prepared to listen to colleagues, to expend enormous energy in their worlds and support them, encourage them."

Will his retail experience help him run a

digital information empire? "Absolutely," he replies. "The retail business requires constant interface with the market, in terms of the ability to read and respond to reality. The electronic delivery system to which we have moved opens up a different customer segment with endless possibilities."

A useful guide to Thomson's plans for his empire can be deduced from a favourite reading of the moment: *Good to Great*, a book that documents the road to corporate excellence by American business guru Jim Collins. In plain terms, says Thomson, is that most successful organizations are led by eccentric individuals who feel passionately about their businesses and about the people who exhibit their companies. "For me that was not a revelation,"

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Thomson's collection of Constables, including *West Horsehoe and Mareham Ridge*, is one of the world's best

he emphasizes, "but it was really thrilling to have that reinforcement and to understand how basically unknown these individuals are, even today, and yet they changed new waves and perpetuated the strength of their organizations."

After his adventures with the Bay, including stints as the boss of Zellers and Saks, Thomson in the mid-'90s became deputy chairman of Woodbridge Co. Ltd., through which the family controls its empire. This private company, under Ken Thomson's chairmanship, holds the family's nearly three-quarter stake in Thomson Corp. Woodbridge also holds 99 per cent of Bell Globemedia, which owns, among other properties, CTV and the *Globe and Mail*. (Thomson Corp. owns a further 20 per cent of Bell Globemedia, with BCE Inc. owning the remainder.) After last week's corporate shakeup at BCE (page 42), there was widespread

speculation that the Thomson family, through Woodbridge, might take back control of the *Globe*, which Thomson Corp. sold to Bell Globemedia in 2000.

Woodbridge's only other known holdings are Jan's Information Group and a half interest in the *Argonaut Newsprint Co.* in Georgia, both of which were purchased last year. In the early '90s, David Thomson created his own private real estate company, Oronagon Inc., which owns office buildings in Winnipeg and Toronto.

The downtown Toronto office where Thomson has been patiently waiting to take over from his father features such monstrosities as an original, dark green excursion van from a Second World War Luftwaffe fighter and large abstract canvases by Patrick Heron, a contemporary British painter. Heron's work also decorates Thomson's Toronto home, hanging on either side of his vaulted living room. Other walls display works by Manet and Paul Klee, among others. And then there are his objects d'art, including a terracotta cello from *Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole*

Christmas that hung in his daughters' rooms, an original Charles Schulz cartoon of Charlie Brown and several 15th-century coloured German woodcuts.

In the past, each new experience has provided the bounce that determined David Thomson's next direction. Now, there is no escape from ultimate responsibility: "I feel that I have enough platforms in my life that level me," he contends, "whether it's my little gods or my other passions. I hope I am able to balance all of those emotional forces for the good of all. I feel extremely humble and determined."

He is not a man who marries doubt about his past performances or future prospects. But a shadow hangs over them: can he channel all his high-fives, money and passion into corporate pursuit, or will he, one day, quietly implode? He recognized that dilemma early, in 1975, when he chose an anonymous quote to place under his graduation picture from Upper Canada College: "We are never so much the victims of another as we are the victims of ourselves." The jury is still out.



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A NATION GRIEVES

The country's fallen soldiers are laid to rest

BY JULIAN BELFRAME in Ottawa

Canadians are not naturally accustomed to outward displays of patriotism over their fallen warriors. Since 1945, more than 100 Canadians have lost their lives nobly in peacocking runways around the world, their passing hardly noted beyond their immediate families and regiments. Yet from the moment the country learned that five of our own were senselessly killed and eight others wounded when a U.S. F-16 fighter pilot mistakenly took their nighttime training exercise in Afghanistan as enemy fire, the tragedy awakened grief across the country—and a new appreciation for the dangers faced by our fighting men and women abroad.

Last week, the four dead—Sgt. Marc Léger, 29, Cpl. Answorth Dyer, 25, Pte. Richard Green, 22, and Pte. Nathan Smith, 27—got a heroic send-off. In Kitchener, the entire Canadian contingent of 830 gathered to bid farewell in a 40-minute ceremony held in a newly planted rose garden at the city's airport. Across Canada, crowds of friends, relatives, Canadian Forces members and well-wishers turned out at four emotional funerals held over three days. A memorial service for all four soldiers was scheduled for Sunday in Edmonton, home of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry to which they belonged. "I can't remember anything like this," said retired captain Bruce Poulin,

Cpl. Answorth Dyer's final journey to the Toronto Necropolis cemetery on April 23



Canada and the World

spokesman for the Royal Canadian Legion in Ottawa. "Perhaps it will set a benchmark for giving tribute for our serving members in the future if they're asked to make the ultimate sacrifice."

But there was penitence as well. Last week in the House of Commons, Canadian Alliance MP Jason Kenney initially scuffled a private member's motion from Liberal MP David Pratt to designate the first Sunday of every June as Canadian Forces Day. The feel-good motion required unanimous assent, but Kenney said he would only go along if his own bill—advocating two minutes of silence on Remembrance Day instead of one—also passed. "Can't they do anything right?" screamed Tory MP Eric Wayne at the Alliance from his Commons seat. Said retired general Lewis Mackenzie: "It's been long since I have seen politicians so unashamedly trump common sense and decency." Coward, Kenney backtracked the next day and the motion was quickly adopted.

The families of the fallen, meanwhile, are awaiting the outcome of two separate inquiries—one Canadian and one American—to determine how the pilots, as yet unnamed, could have mistakenly dropped a 500-lb. bomb on alien engaging in exercises. Women that the Canadian probe, headed by retired general and former chief of defense staff Maurice Baril, would not be able to investigate the pilot were dismissed by the announcement in Washington that Canadian Brig.-Gen. Marc Dumas will co-chair the U.S. investigation, which will have access to the pilot. Both inquiries have been given 60 days to report, although Baril has promised to issue an interim report in three weeks.

Experts expect the inquiries to get to the truth. "Military investigations of this sort are usually quite objective," John Thompson, a security analyst with the Mackenzie Institute in Toronto, told *Maclean's*. For one thing, determining what went wrong is as important to the U.S. military as it is to the Canadian. "They want to find out what happened," he said, "because the next time, it could just as easily be U.S. troops that are hit by mistake." And perhaps the most important way of showing respect for fallen warriors is doing everything possible to prevent such deadly mishaps in the future.



Doreen Cooley grieves for her son, Pte. Richard Green, is buried in Hubbard, N.S.



Lucy Carter breaks down at the funeral of her fiancé, Pte. Nathan Smith, in Dartmouth.



Dignitaries and family members mourn as Sgt. Mark Unger's remains arrive at CFB Trenton.



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CARRYING ON IN KANDAHAR

Scared by tragedy, our troops in Afghanistan forge ahead with their mission

BY MATTHEW FISHER

You're OK, jumper. Have a good one. Airborne!" These were the last words that Lt.-Col. Pat Stogun of the Prince Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry spoke to four of his soldiers as their caskets were loaded onto a U.S. Air Force transport plane for the first leg of the long trip home to Canada. It was a fitting tribute—those killed by the bomb dropped by a U.S. Air National Guard jet were all paratroopers. They were exactly the kind of tough, highly trained and motivated troops that Canada requires for the peacemaking missions that

pop up with grim regularity these days. Canada has had very real problems scaring up enough soldiers for its current mission in Afghanistan and other, ongoing commitments in Bosnia and the Golan Heights. Yet when a peacekeeping force for the West Bank and Gaza was needed by the European Union and UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan a few weeks back, Prime Minister Jean Chretien had his hand up faster than you could say, "Is, uh, uh?" Such Boy Scoutian makes Canadians feel good—and so it should. These assignments have been honorable, and Canadians have made a difference. But every such perilous foreign adventure drains a fighting

force that has been almost razing an empty since a seemingly endless cycle of six-month peacekeeping and peacemaking tours began with Canada in 1991. There was an outburst of sympathy for our troops in Afghanistan when the bodies of those killed were flown home and buried. Whether that will be transformed into public interest in giving the Canadian military the means to do its dangerous work is something else. The soldiers camped in the heat and grime of south-eastern Afghanistan are part of Canada's first combat operation since the Korean War. They have lots of other things to occupy them right now—from scorpions,



The Princess Patricia's getting ready to head into the mountains (above); Stogun (left); Christopher (middle); Power (right)

and spider and malarial mosquitoes to the possibility that they and other foreign troops may be targeted for assassination in Afghan cities. But they know better than anyone that Canada's cupboard is bare, and they're concerned about how to maintain a fragile peace that, over the past decade, has seen Canadians sent to Bosnia, Somalia, Cambodia, Rwanda, Haiti, Kosovo, East Timor, El Salvador and now Afghanistan.

The bombing tragedy aside, Canada's six-month tour in Afghanistan, which is now about half over, has by any measure been a success. The Princess Patricia, based in Edmonton, have survived firefights with al-Qaeda and Taliban soldiers in the Afghan mountains. They have helped keep the peace by conducting dozens of foot patrols in the Kandahar area, where they are also investigating ways to build wells and schools for Afghan children.

The other fighting unit deployed with the Canadian battle group has had an equally adventurous tour. Troops from the Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians), also from Edmonton, rescued helicopter pilots downed by bad weather in hostile territory and have used the high-tech electronics of their Coyote wheeled armored personnel carriers—including thermal imagers—to spot intruders trying to fire missiles at the Kandahar air base,

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Canada and the World

'We're almost the same country'

Americans think aggrieved Canadians are being a little over-sensitive

BY JONATHAN GATHERHOUSE

Able Hoefler is waiting to find out what kind of vegetable she is. Sitting on the edge of a small stage in a suburban Detroit mall, the University of Michigan graduate says she will soon be appearing in one of the characters from VeggieTales, a popular children's television show, though she's not sure if she's playing the carrot or the tomato. A reporter questioning her about Canada, the country that's just a 20-minute drive down the freeway, is a bit of a surprise, but Hoefler's game to try. Did she know there are Canadian troops fighting alongside Americans in Afghanistan? "No." Did she know that four Canadian soldiers were killed by an errant U.S. bomb? "No." Have you heard that Detroit basketball fans booed the Canadian national anthem? "No." Can you name the prime minister of Canada? "You're going to make me look stupid, aren't you?" Hoefler asks, giggling. "But it's not even just Canada. I don't know much about anywhere else."

It's easier than shooting fish in a barrel. Surely, there must be millions of Americans who know the 1st gear from 5th gear, millions who can talk at length about free trade, NATO, softwood lumber or even the culprits in Orson. It's just that you don't meet them in shopping malls, coffee shops and sports stadiums.

Jill Burstein and share of her co-workers are a piping hot in a Starbucks. To be fair, they all have "kind of heard" something about the soldiers in Afghanistan, and one says the craziest the tail end of a radio talk show about the impetuous President. What about George W. Bush venting more than a day to make a public statement about Canada's war dead? "I think you guys are over-sensitive," says Burstein. "If the White House didn't make a statement it's because we didn't think we needed one, because we thought of them as being our own guys. It's a country that's not en-

gender because you don't thank you had to kind of like how you don't and a thank you card to your state if she has you for me." The prime minister of Canada? "I want to say Trudeau," she says.

It's still a half-hour before game time at the Palace of Auburn Hills, home of the Pistons. The home team and their first-round playoff opponents, the Toronto Raptors, are taking soft practice shots to-

ward the basket and chatting amiably in small bunches on the court. Ron Harper, wearing the red, white and blue No. 42 jersey of Jerry Seinfeld, the Pistons' mascot player, is sharing a pizza with his friend Miles "Wink" They were both in the first game of the series, when the crowd barely booed *O Canada*. Hoefler fans at the New York Islanders playoff game against the Toronto Maple



They couldn't get it right at the 1992 World Series, and not much has changed



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Canada and the World

Leaf in Uxbridge, N.Y., also booted the athletes. Harbaugh agrees the booting was in poor taste. "I think Michiganans know a fair bit about Canada, we're close," says Harbaugh, a 27-year-old software designer. "I mean, I go up there all the time to party." Wohl admits he doesn't know anything specific about Canada, but suggests the media might be making a big deal about nothing. "It's something for people to write about, I guess," says the 26-year-old. "We're almost the same country."

Of course, in a certain way we like the fact that they know and care to write about us. It gives us permission to feel superior, to chuckle indulgently at the rebel Rick Meador trips with his leading questions about sex laws in Saskatchewan and Prince Rupert. Positive. It deflates our position and fuels our celebratory—ahem, it's the Olympic hockey gods are all the more meaningful because of whom we beat. But then there are the cases of ridicule. We're amazed to their world. How can they not know what happens in ours?

After all, stand on the waterfront in Windsor and you can see the tens of miles screaming in both directions across the Ambassador Bridge. The visible border between the two nations is only a couple of hundred meters out in the center of the dark-colored Detroit River. Still, last week the distance seemed to reach greater. The flag in Canada was all flying at half-mast, like they did after Sept. 11, but not the Stars and Stripes that proudly dominates the top of Detroit's skyscrapers.

Jennifer Thorndike and her friend Laura Osborne were whining their baby daughters along the waterfront in the bright spring sunbath. Thorndike, 25, was born in the States, but her family moved to Canada when she was 14. Having roots in both countries, she is acutely aware of how little Americans know about their neighbors. "Sometimes it's embarrassing," she says. "But I don't think it's an intentional thing. They're just focused on themselves so much. The facts of what you learn in school in America is how great America is." Osborne says Canadians perceive American ignorance by being so low key about the country's history and accomplishments. "It's just not that glacialous to be Canadian," she says. "Americans know their history, Canadians don't. I mean, I couldn't give you a list of our

prime ministers the way they can name their presidents."

The Tantal Bar-B-Q has been a Windsor institution for more than 60 years. The secret of its famous slow-cooked ribs is the first thing that greets American visitors when they pop up from under the river, and the restaurant draws around 30 per cent of its business from across the border. Shirley Sternhoff, a waitress, has a son in the Canadian Forces. She's worried that he might end up in Afghanistan, or somewhere else fighting alongside the Americans, and she's angry about the death of his colleagues. "I don't feel Americans more people, but they just don't know nothing about us," she says, citing the customers who ask about snow in July wonder if they can order in English, and inquiring about the availability of hardtop in Canada, unaware of the giant Honda plant in nearby Leamington. The United States only cares about Canada when they want something, says Sternhoff. "I think Canadians should get upset about this stuff. They're right next door to us. Some day they're going to take over."

In the dining room, Bill Cox and his wife Cynthia are discussing a large plate of ribs, with sides of french fries and mashed potatoes and gravy. They make the trip from Livonia, a Detroit suburb, three or four times a year to sample the Tantal's artery-clogging pleasures. "We're pretty much the same people—two nations, but very compatible," Cox says as he guzzles on a bone. He knows about the dead soldiers and he's sorry, but a mention of Canadian's' impact on Bush's early politics and made basketball fans draws a blank look. "Canadians and Americans get along great from everything I know." And, his wife adds, "I like the prices here."

In the same way that American reporters never thought to ask Bush about the dead Canadian soldiers, the Detroit media ignored the boating of O Canada until the Toronto papers made it an issue they couldn't avoid. The Pistons issued a statement asking their fans to "respect the opposing country and its anthem." The crowd in Auburn Hills got the message. When the Raptors and Pistons lined up for the second game of their series, they cheered Canada's anthem just as loudly as they had dented it days before. But most of these still don't know who Jean Chrétien is. ■

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U.S. state-of-the-art carrier from the North Atlantic to the St. Lawrence

War in Canadian waters

Nazi subs sank 23 ships just off our shores

BY NATHAN M. GREENFIELD

Even 60 years later, Ted Read clearly remembers that overcast afternoon of Sept. 7, 1942 in the Gulf of St. Lawrence when Nazi torpedoes sank his and two other merchant ships. "The cook had just yelled, 'Get outside, there's something going on,'" recalls Read, then a 17-year-old second cook, now living in Alexandria, Ont. "Before I could even get over our own ship, I heard the thud of the first one getting it. A moment later, it felt a third ship and was thrown over onto the deck which was now upside. As she rose in the water, I heard the third one get it."

Within three minutes his coal-carrying tanker SS Oakton had broken in half and sunk. But all 19 men survived, a fact they credited to Capt. Alfred Brown's incessant emergency drills. The sinking happened in the early days of the now all-but-forgotten Battle of the St. Lawrence, the only major Second World War fighting to take place within North America. The sea battles, which raged just a few kilometers off Canadian

shores from Rimouski, Que., to the Strait of Belle Isle between Labrador and Newfoundland, lasted off and on until nearly the end of the war. By the time the fighting stopped, German torpedoes had sunk 19 merchant vessels and four warships, including HMCS Charlottetown and HMCS Shawinigan, two of Canada's indelible corvettes. Nearly 350 Canadian and Allied men, women and children died, while thousands on the remote East Coast lived in fear of invasion.

On May 11, 1942, the day the battle began with the sinking of the British freighter SS Nicoya, 15 km off the Gaspé Peninsula, Canada had been at war for almost three years. During that period, parts of the peninsula had become a complex of fortifications, big guns were trained nervously on the horizon. There, and throughout Atlantic Canada, hundreds of volunteer spotters looked for signs of enemy activity, especially submarines.

Still, despite these measures and Prime Minister Mackenzie King's warnings of possible attacks in the St. Lawrence, when the Nicoya sank that May night, it came as

a shock. "A terrific explosion rocked our houses as though there was an earthquake," is how one Gaspeois described that first sinking in a news report at the time. A torpedo had struck just behind the Nicoya's engine room, blowing a huge hole in the ship's port side and ripping apart so many steam lines that Capt. E.H. Brice, according to his operations report, found it "impossible to give orders, hear anything and almost impossible to see." The Nicoya sank "within seconds," added Brice who, along with his surviving crew, swam to lifeboats and sifts through the oil and wreckage-covered water. But so of the 76 men aboard drowned.

The following day, as headlines screamed news of the sinking, Ottawa imposed a news blackout on the emerging hostilities in Canadian waters. But in the ensuing months of 1942, as 18 more merchant vessels and two warships went down, even wartime censorship could not staunch the rumors, especially in Quebec where both the dead and survivors of one ship after another—and even a torpedo—came ashore.

Urged on by the province's press and unions—which turned out to be true—of spicing up the local scene, Quebec Premier Adélard Godbout demanded stepped-up protection of the Gaspé. Stasieville Roy, the area's MP, called on the navy to pull in many ships of convoy duty is necessary to secure the St. Lawrence. But naval minister Angus Macdonald refused, telling the



Read survived to fight on land

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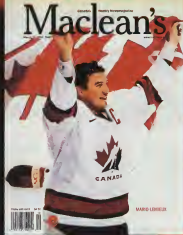
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ROGERS

History

Careless that he would not "change the disposition of one ship for all the questions [he] may ask from now to tomorrow." Instead, MacDonald ordered the St. Lawrence closed to transoceanic shipping, as well as the laying of minefields in the Strait of Belle Isle and the Cabot Strait between Newfoundland and Nova Scotia.

Even if Canada had demarcated the North Atlantic conveyor, it's far from certain the findings could have been dropped. The problem lay not so much with the members of Canadian ships and planes, or even with the equipment then available (though it did lag behind the Royal Navy), as with the nature of the war in the St. Lawrence and the ocean gulf, and anti-submarine warfare itself. Following the British example, Canada's navy boss, Rear Admiral Percy Nelson, put his faith in the newly developed sonar. Little was it realized, however, that the "ping" that guided where to drop depth charges—and at what depth—was distorted by the mixing of fresh and salt water.

The war of Runer's Air Command, who flew out of bases such as Sydney, N.S., Chatham, N.B., Summerside, P.E.I., and the towns of Gaspé and Miramichi in Quebec, battled huge distances, famously poor weather and, at times, sheer bad luck as they tried to find the German subs. (In September, 1942, a bomb dropped on the intrepid U-517 lodged in its hull without exploding.) Still, though Canada's air and naval forces failed to register a single "kill" in the gulf, U-boat captures in 1942 forced them to abandon against further missions because of "maneuvering unexpected patrol vessels [and] good co-operation with air cover. The German U-boats stayed away for more than a year, returning in 1944.

Of the underwater captives who operated in Canadian waters, none caused more havoc than Paul Harwig of U-517, the man who sank the Oakstar. From Aug. 27 to Sept. 15, 1942, Harwig claimed nine ships, including two other Canadian vessels. His Sept. 5 sinking of the tanker SS Donald Stewart cost more than the lives of the three men who died—thousands of tons of aviation fuel and cement were lost, setting back by months the completion of the Allied air base in Goose Bay, Labrador, thus depriving the North Atlantic conveyor of its air cover that helped keep the wolf paws at bay. Harwig's third Canadian kill came eight days later, at 8:03 a.m., when



two of his "cbs" struck the Charlottetown, killing three men instantly. Harwig later recalled witnessing, through his periscope the agony of the men—seven of whom died—caught in the shock waves of the Charlottetown's exploding depth charges.

Only once after the Nicolas sank did naval minister MacDonald lift his news blackout to name a ship sunk in domestic waters. On Oct. 20, 1942, he confirmed that the Newfoundland-Nova Scotia ferry SS Caribou had been torpedoed six days earlier in the Cabot Strait with the loss of 137 lives, including 22 women and 14 children. His speech jolted the public for the

struggle that would last another 2½ years. "If anything, we needed to prove the futility of the war, surely this is it," MacDonald said. "Canada can never forget the SS Caribou."

One Canadian who has not forgotten a Ted Read. "As soon as the Oakstar rose in the water," he recalls, "I was on my feet running to catch the line holding the lifebuoy, so the could be lowered into the water. Then I shimmied down the line into the boat." That night he landed safely in the town of Gaspé and a week later he'd signed aboard the Oakstar's sister ship.

But after the Caribou was sunk—and he had turned 18—he joined the Canadian Army. "We couldn't do anything when they sank us," he remembers. "Now, I wanted to fight back." He did, as a wireless operator in a tank, making his way through Sicily, up Italy and later helping to liberate Holland from the Nazi yoke. Only after the war did Read learn that on the night of Nov. 24, 1944, as his tank prepared to go into battle on the Lombardy Plain, a U-boat torpedoed a ship in the St. Lawrence for the last time, HMCS Shawinigan, killing all 91 men aboard. □

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The chairman wanted solid support

WHY MONTY QUIT

An intense clash of wills in BCE's boardroom

BY KATHERINE MACKLEM

In preparation for a meeting of the board on Friday, April 19—five days before his surprise resignation shocked Canada's business community—Jean Monty spoke privately and individually with each of his 12 fellow directors. He wanted to talk through his strategy for beleaguered BCE Inc. and sound out their reactions. Over those few days, Monty, who was both chairman and CEO, gained the board's overall backing—even though there was a quiet grumbling of discontent

But in the face of directors' mounting questions and concerns about his plans, Monty warmed more. In what amounted to a backroom power struggle, he demanded unconditional support for all his proposals from each member—a much stronger vote of confidence than the consensus he already had. Without it, he'd walk. In two separate meetings on Monday, the board thrashed through questions of strategy. It did not discuss Monty's offer of resignation, but directors could already see he would not get everyone onside. Disident members, like Tony Fell, power-

house chairman of RBC Dominion Securities Inc., were making that clear. On Tuesday, at a crucial meeting that went well into the night, support for Monty was not unanimous—and the board accepted his resignation.

Still, as it is in the next morning, Monty and his successor-to-be, president Michael Sabia, gave a major presentation to analysts—first Monty, then Sabia, in their usual fashion—at the Sheraton hotel in Toronto. It was only after that, at 8:45, that Monty stood again in front of his audience, peppered with senior BCE executives, and announced he was resigning, effective immediately. The room went "dead quiet," says Robert Galland, a portfolio manager with Caldwell Securities Ltd. "This was a watershed meeting in Canada." Questions about the presentation were fielded by Sabia. The shocked crowd

had no questions about Monty's departure.

The board had made other important decisions the previous night. For instance, there would be no dividend cut. The positions of chairman and CEO were split—as large institutional investors advocated—and board member Richard Clarke, the former president in the President's Choice supermarket brand, was appointed non-executive chairman. To deal with BCE's disastrous investment in Telcel Inc., its flailing institutional telecommunications subsidiary, the board decided to cut its losses and end its long-term financial support for the company, which insure taking a maximum hit of \$7.5 billion.

As the news reverberated, the stock market, which had slipped down BCE's share price to its lowest point in years due to the Telcel debacle, now responded swiftly. BCE's price bounced upwards, closing the week at \$27.62, 17 per cent higher than on Tuesday. And the optics effects began to wash in. The Bank of Montreal added \$125 million to its loan loss provisions, essentially admitting it expects to lose that much on Telcel. The international syndicate of lenders to the company—led by BMO and including other major Canadian banks and insurance companies—stands to lose about \$2 billion. BCE admitted that without its financial backup, Telcel may well have to seek protection from creditors. Bondholders, who are looking at pennies on the dollar, infused with lawyers about suing BCE for reneging on its promise in December to shoulder up to \$1 billion of Telcel's debt. As one senior securities industry player puts it: "This is huge."

Monty, 54, in the full guy, says another "It's part of our culture that when a mistake gets made, somebody's got to take the blame," a senior Montreal investment banker observes. "Jean Monty at a man of extremely high integrity and extremely high dignity. The investment in Telcel, in hindsight, was a major mistake, to put it mildly. But this," he stresses, "is only in hindsight."

While the Telcel investment was Monty's most egregious mistake, critics have found fault with other parts of his strategy. They say he paid too much for CTV Inc., bought in 2000 for \$2.3 billion and folded into a media company with BCE's majority stake in the *Globe and Mail*. BCE Energy Inc., the company's electric commerce subsidiary, which had off 750 employees in April, was another error, some argue. And

Monty shouldn't have given SBC Communications Inc., one of the biggest local phone carriers in the U.S., a so-called "put" option when he sold a 26-per-cent stake in Bell Canada to SBC, thus putting the American firm to force BCE to buy back the holding at an inflated 125 per cent of the original price—or about \$6.4 billion. In short, the critics say, Monty's whole convergence strategy—to buy or build the media center that would fill the technological pipelines—was sorely misguided.

The mistakes will take some time to undo—and Sabia, a sharp strategist and self-described "stir doctor," is the man set to do that. Stated at her appearance last January when Monty announced his resignation to the No. 2 position of president and chief operating officer, Sabia, 48, is a genuine Monty fan, says a source close to both. Before BCE, Sabia had a career in government—he was the bureaucrat behind the GST—and then at Canadian National Railway Co. Now, though, his job is to fill through Monty's acquiescence, and decide which will stay and which will be sold off. It's unlikely he will totally dismantle Monty's strategy, and he will probably move slowly as he fine-tunes operations. Otherwise say he's the right guy for the job. "He is a wicked smart," says consultant Mark Branson, president and CEO of Boston-based Advertis Corp.

In his presentation to analysts, Monty addressed the issue of SBC's put option. "We feel comfortable" with the potential expenditure, he said. But clearly, he wasn't comfortable with carrying on with the job of taking apart what he'd built. He'd also lost credibility with business and with investors, over Telcel. And while board members backed him on Telcel, some felt his other plans weren't well thought through. Ultimately, the board decided it would be more assuring—and Monty, in his demand for unanimous support, showed he didn't want to deal with that. "If Monty had understood better the emerging corporate governance culture," says an informed source, "this would never have happened."

Claude Larocque, CEO of the powerful Ontario Teachers' Pension Plan Board and a strong advocate of more active governance on the part of directors, applauds the BCE board's activities. "This is a good day for boards in Canada," Larocque says. "We need more boards that have the courage to act." Michael Sabia, take note.



RESUME: MICHAEL J. SABIA

ADDRESS: BCE Inc., 3000 de la Guerdin Street West, Montreal
BORN: 94, Colchester, Ont., Sept. 15, 1953
EDUCATION:

■ Yale University: M.P.H. (Political Science), 1975

■ B.A. College University of Toronto: B.A. (Economics and Political), 1976

WORK EXPERIENCE:

BCE INC.

■ July 24, 2002 to present: Chief executive officer in charge of Canada's biggest over-the-air communications company, facing major challenges in dealing with debt and convergence strategy

■ March 1, 2002: President and chief operating officer: 100,000 Bell Canada. Regularly led such deal sessions among various areas of the company

■ December, 2000: President, BCE. Was responsible for overseeing details of convergence strategy

■ July, 2000: Executive vice-president, BCE. Vice chairman, corporate, Bell Canada

■ October, 1999: Vice chairman and CEO of Canada International. Joined the company to deal with "a bunch of assets in search of a purpose."

CHIEFMAN NATIONAL RAILWAY CO.

■ 1995: Executive vice president and chief financial officer. Closely involved with privatization of CN

■ 1993: Vice-president, corporate development. Worked under CEO Paul Toller, a former chairman of the Privy Council

FEDERAL CIVIL SERVICE

■ 1992: Deputy secretary to the Cabinet (plans), Privy Council Office. Advised on economic and fiscal policy

■ 1986: Director general of his policy, Department of Finance. Helped formulate the GST

OTHER ACTIVITIES

■ Chairman: Involved in the Canadian Centre for Philanthropy's program to promote corporate giving and employee volunteerism

UNIVERSITY OF

WILL: Henry H. Pearson (granddaughter of former prime minister Lester Pearson)

DAUGHTER: Lynn, 10



Photo: Raymond, courtesy of Raymond, Ltd.



Nasdaq is giving the players what they want

STOCKS: HAD 'X' TODAY?

Toronto's rebranded bourse takes on the world

BY KATHERINE MACKLEN

B when Symes has always been ambitious. At 30, she was the youngest partner with the accounting firm Ernst & Young. Five years later, in 1993, she was the first woman to represent an investment firm on the board of the Toronto Stock Exchange, and then, while

still chief financial officer at Nasdaq Bourse, the first to serve as the board's non-executive chair. In 1999, she took over as CEO—the first female in the job at any North American bourse—on arguably the exchange's lowest ebb ever. Now, with some important successes under her belt—most significantly an initial public offering in the works—Symes, 45, has sized

the bar again. It's a little presumptuous, but in the face of intense competition from the largest U.S. exchanges, Symes wants to challenge them. Not simply in her home territory in Canada, but south of the border, on their own turf. "We're not limiting ourselves," she says. "We want to be a Canadian-based success story."

That's what international companies like Homebanc Inc. and, in the good times, Noranda Resources Corp., are calling Canadian success stories. The Toronto stock market, which recently dropped the TSE tag in favour of a revamped TSX Group, already has clients in the U.S.,

Symes argues. U.S. investors trade on the exchange, and listings are not restricted to Canadian companies. Sony Corp. of Japan, British Airways plc, and the Michigan member ship of General Motors Corp. are among the weightier names of the TSE's 40-odd foreign listed companies. "We're bigger than Canada," Symes says. "That's one reason we didn't put Canada in our new name."

The exchange, a 140-year-old institution that once was the icon of capitalism in Canada, is undergoing a massive, long-needed overhaul. The IPO, a sale of shares that will result in the exchange listing its-

self, will be the culminating step of that process. For more than a century the stock exchange was a sort of club, run like a utility and owned by the broker-dealer who used it. Toronto had a near monopoly on the best stocks in Canada—the Montreal Exchange also traded equities, but in recent history Toronto's bourse was by far the busiest. As it came out, the exchange was also something of a cash cow. In 2000, it made \$80 million on revenues of \$235 million—a margin of 34 per cent.

But with the advent of a faster-paced, Internet-dominated, global world of business, the institution had become out-

dated. In ownership structure—a mutual arrangement among the brokers—was cumbersome. Competition—from the Big Board of the New York Stock Exchange, from Nasdaq, especially for such stocks, and from small, niche-playing electronic systems—was suddenly a daunting foe. Its technology was of dinosaur vintage—a true humiliation given that Toronto had been a pioneer among the world's exchanges in 1977 when it introduced electronic trading. In 1997, the exchange completely replaced its trading floor with a computerized system, but partly because it patched different programs together, partly

150 YEARS—OR SO—OF TRADING

1852 A group of Toronto businessmen agrees to form an "association of brokers." No official records remain of transactions

1861 On Oct. 25, 24 men gather in the Masonic Hall to create the Toronto Stock Exchange, listing 28 securities. Membership: \$5

1913 The TSE moves to Bay Street, and a member is born

1914 The outbreak of the First World War causes the TSE to close the three months.

1929 As the '20s end, the number of shares traded has grown tenfold in ten years—until the Oct. 29 stock crash in the Great Depression

1934 The TSE merges with its key competitors, the Standard Bank and Mining Exchange, and becomes North America's third largest, after the New York and American exchanges

1958 How else could listed firms to disclose material information

1977 Toronto pioneers computerized trading and creates the TSE 300 Composite Index

1983 Sunbelt, Bay Street, the exchange moves to trade larger dips in First Canadian Place around the corner on King

1987 The TSE 300 drops a record 51.3 per cent in a single day Black Monday, Oct. 19. It does not fully recover the almost six years.

1990 At last, the exchange is the best in North America to introduce general trading

1997 The trading floor closes, brokers use computers to track their own orders. They are still with the double plunging of Japan's gold stock but it follows its delisted

2001 The TSE takes over CSE, the Calgary-based Canadian Securities Exchange. Only the fledgling British Columbia market is Montreal's as a possible future competitor

2002 The TSE launches the TSE 600 and goes up to 10,000

TSX

because electronic trading is highly complex, and partly because trading volumes spiked so dramatically in 1999 and 2000, the set-up was glitch-prone and crashed far too frequently. By the end of the century, the exchange had traded its losses again for that of a busy old throwback.

That's when Symes took over. His style is low-key and he's understated, in dress and in manner of speaking. But he's smart, and those attributes are sky-high. "I'm a glass-half-full sort of person," Symes says—and she is, sometimes delightfully so, but it helps in the face of a challenge. In 1992, she dealt with Toronto's Dundas Club, which reserved the early-morning weekend golf tee-off times for men. Symes argued that women, like men, now work during the week, and are no longer leisurely weekday golfers. She won. At the exchange, it was a similar old-boy network that needed to be brought up to date. She's doing that, too. Building on work begun while she was still a board member, she spearheaded the exchange through a transformation of its ownership structure into a for-profit entity. It has also revisited its technology. Now, one of the biggest jobs is to change the mindset inside the exchange from the old-school, utility-style culture. There's an irony here, that the exchange, the country's capital centre for a century and a half, is only now adopting a money-making model.

Richard Nesbitt, a big man who carries a proportionate bulk in the industry, is one who can appreciate that irony. He's got a sense of humour. As president of TSX Markets, he's one of the first of the exchange's front-line execs to come from the group it serves. His most recent venture was an entrepreneurial effort with two partners he launched BuyStreetDirect, an Internet company formed to sell IPOs via the Web. Before that, he was president of the Canadian investment banking division of London-based HSBC Holdings plc, one of the world's largest banks. Hired by Symes last September to run the exchange's stock trading and data business, Nesbitt says his real job is to install a "culture to compete."

He's doing that by bringing in things customers—investors, brokers and listed companies—have asked for. He's dropped the fees on trading—three times, so they are

now 40 per cent lower than a year ago. On May 1, the new Standard and Poor's TSX composite index replaced the 25-year-old TSE 300. The new index employs a set of rules for including companies, with no limit on number. Nesbitt has also added a new trading program, known as a "tail market," that allows big institutional investors, such as the powerful pension funds, to buy or sell without ripping their hand to the marketplace. "The TSX has not had a new product in the market in literally decades—this is the first time," he says of the call market.

Nesbitt has further plans. He's making headway in opening up trading on the exchange to U.S. investors. One small step, approved in the U.S. in April, permits



The old TSX on Bay Street was like a club.

American to trade stocks listed on the Canadian exchange. The ultimate goal is to have TSX trading terminals on U.S. brokers' desks—although this would require the co-operation of American regulators, if it ever happens. Nesbitt is considering allowing trades in U.S. dollars, and is looking at a separate electronic marketplace for fixed income products, such as bonds. The brokerage business is all about selling info—and that means sometimes making mistakes, Nesbitt says. That attitude is taking hold at the exchange, he says. "Now, it's OK to make a mistake."

Symes also set out to shake up the image of the exchange and re-brand it. Last August, the TSE took over Canada's junior equities market, CDNX. Pulling that venture exchange under the TSE umbrella acquired a new design. Plus, as it shed its old style of operating, Toronto needed to make away from its creaky reputation. Enter Robert Partillo, a long-time communications expert who was responsible for the make-over of Sun Life Financial Services of Canada Inc. and the reworking of the CBC's logo. An outside design firm, up-and-coming Concrete Corp. of Toronto,

was hired and high-powered focus groups were convened.

The exchange needed to become more innovative, more of a leader, more aggressive, participants said. "The overwhelming thing was that everybody wants the exchange to succeed," Partillo says. "Canadians believe in Canadian capital markets." Hence, a new logo, in a bold red colour and sporting a swoosh that cuts through the X of TSE. "We were anxious to create the dynamism that people were looking for," Partillo says. "This reflects the aggressive ambitions that we've got for the future." Dropping the 'E' in favour of 'X' was done for both practical and aesthetic reasons. Internationally, TSE stands for the Tokyo Stock Exchange (still four times bigger than Toronto). Plus, says Partillo, the 'X' was greeted with enthusiasm because it needed to permeate more.

Some players, though, want more than promise. Peter Brown, CEO of Vancouver-based Canaccord Capital Corp., Canada's largest independent brokerage, says the exchange is losing ground. The largest Canadian stocks are now also trading on either the NYSE or Nasdaq, and many mid-sized companies, especially in the tech sector, are opting to bypass the Canadian markets altogether. "There's a liquidity crisis in the TSE," Brown says. This bodes badly for the exchange as a listed company, he says, because investors will put their money into the exchange only if they think its volumes will increase and generate more revenue. "If the background is you're losing the top and not getting the new ones—if you're getting hollowed out—then you're not a very good call on volume. So, why would anybody buy your stock?"

It's true that the larger Canadian companies trade in the U.S.—and the larger they are, the greater the volume of trading south of the border. Toronto-based Thomson Corp., the \$11 billion data company controlled by the Thomson family, is expected to list soon in New York. But Symes remains undaunted. The problem is not Canadian companies listing on U.S. exchanges, she says. The real fight is over trading of those market-led stocks. Given the TSX's new look and products, her optimism is unabated. "We run a lot better exchange. I might say, that our dividend south of the border." As usual, she's just a bit ambitious.

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Mary Janigan

The not-so-fast lady

Politicians often promise more than they can deliver. But few must then face the stark warnings, emphatic advice and ironic pronouncements of economist Sylvia Ostry. In recent weeks, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien has trooped around Africa, declaring that next month's Group of Eight summit of global powers in Alberta may bring salvation to that impoverished continent. Meanwhile, Ostry, distinguished research fellow at Toronto's Munk Centre for International Studies, has quietly noted that the restoration of the annual G8 summit needs enormous help: members should pursue their ever-growing agenda, consider the expansion of their membership—and curb their inflated rhetoric.

Worse, although the Prime Minister's summit hosts want to concentrate on his African agenda, Ostry holds out little

Economist Sylvia Ostry excels at bringing officialdom down to earth. Likes gossip and smoking, too.

hope that there will be major progress on June 26 and 27: the summit pretensions would need to dig up massive amounts of financial aid, Africa's own political and economic problems are longstanding, and the G8 should also devote considerable time to security concerns, including the growing rift among members over U.S. tactics in the war on terrorism. Ostry even suggests the G8 put its own reforms, including the avoidance of unrealistic promises, on the agenda for next year's meeting. "There should be some admission that this stuff is complicated, that these ambitious goals are unlikely to be reached," she says. "The summit is considered the only forum for crisis management. But its credibility has recently diminished. The Prime Minister has stressed the importance of Canadian values of sharing and compassion in the African Action Plan. There was no mention of the costs involved in implementing it." Ouch.

She was over this way. Born in Winnipeg, the second child of Jewish immigrants from Russia and England, Ostry secured one of 60 precious places at the University of Manitoba medical school in the late 1940s. Barriers against Jews and women were high. "I thought, if this is the toughest thing to do, I am going to do it," she recalls. In her first year, she led the class. But anatomy bored her. She switched to economics, earning her doctorate from Cambridge and McGill universities in 1954. Her thesis was on the first five-year development plan in India—but a United Nations official warned her that many developing nations were unlikely to take advice from a woman. So she accepted a job as an Oxford University researcher, looked up her former first-grade pal Bernard Ostry, who was studying at the London School of Economics—and married him in 1957. They have two sons.

Her career has been dazzling. Chief statistician at Statistics Canada. Deputy minister of Ottawa's old consumer and corporate affairs departments. Chairman of the Economic Council of Canada. Head of the economics and statistics department at the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development in Paris. Ambassador for multilateral trade negotiations. The Prime Minister's personal representative for the 1985 to 1988 economic summit. She is savvy, opinionated, fiercely smart—and kind. She loves *Armani*. And, improbably, she still smokes. "With whisky. At one moment, Sylvia would give a blindingly brilliant analysis of labour markets," recalls former consumer affairs colleague Michael McCabe. "At the next, she would fold those elegant legs up onto the couch and ask, 'What's the gossip?'" She was a super-minister who put Ottawa's economic and social policy in a global context.

She is still bridging those global divides. Although an advocate of free trade, Ostry has reluctantly noted that members of the World Trade Organization did not fully understand what they were doing in the mid-1990s when they expanded trade liberalization beyond goods to include services and intellectual property. Trade in

goods involves the lowering of barriers and regulations. Developing nations now find themselves confronted with the need to reform their economic and social regulatory systems and their legal systems. "Internationally appointed judges are defining the boundary for domestic policy space," says Ostry, "and reinforcing the perception—and reality—of the immense nature of the new system."

To bridge the gap between globalists and their opponents, and to restore some authority to national governments, she has called for the creation of a WTO policy forum, backed by strong research expertise, where members could explain and debate issues. She is also analysing how the policy process works at the national level in many WTO member states. Does it allow local input? Could better local input motivate citizens to free trade? Can the system, in short, be saved? "She thinks the WTO is taking a huge jurisdictional rash without the appropriate authority," says Alan Alexandroff, research director at the Munk Centre. "She can sound a bit like Jeremiah. But she has always been creative. And she has not been proven wrong yet." Ottawa may even be listening: studies say that Canada is now aping against the production of a final G8 communiqué this year—largely to avoid the kind of pre-emptive promises that Ostry has deplored. ■

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Donald Coxie

The heirs of Enron

I began writing my first column about Enron Corp. in late October, when I suggested the firm's problems could lead to a big story. At that time, most Americans and Canadians had never heard of the company. Within weeks, Enron became a bigger story—and a bigger villain—than Osama bin Laden. And all the horror stories, a casual observer might have concluded Enron was totally rotten. Not so.

Enron may be mostly rotten and/or moribund, but it isn't dead. Some of its pieces and partnerships live on. Recently I spent a few days in California meeting with the management, partners and customers of its highly profitable and successful offspring, Northern Border Partners LP (NBP, its ticker symbol on the New York Stock Exchange). That company's main operation is the big Northern Border Pipeline that carries Canadian natural gas to Chicago.

The company is based in Omaha, Neb., a town celebrated primarily as the residence of Warren Buffett. NBP was one of Enron's early partnership arrangements, a model that worked well in putting together big deals. (That model would later be abused, but that's another story.) Among the partners is TransCanada Pipeline Ltd., which was represented at the meeting.

What turned out to be good news for Northern Border—and for gas producers and customers—was Enron management's decision in the 1990s to get out of the "hotting" pipeline business in favour of trading and other energy services. A public financing eased Bunka when Enron went bankrupt, it created a more 94 per cent of NBP.

The NBP executives were at pains to reassure the senior officers of the gas producers and utilities in attendance that Enron's bankruptcy didn't put NBP at risk. This is no small matter for such participants as Calgary's EnCana Corp. and Houston's Bechtel Inc., of Houston, which need assured and growing markets for their rising gas production. The only office, we were told, was that decision that used to be NBP management a day now require two weeks to get approvals from the various decision-making levels in Enron's bankruptcy.

Much of the discussion was about future availability of gas. NBP is among those interested in the proposed pipeline from Alaska gas fields. That project makes great sense for them, because gas production in the Lower 48 states is peaking, and consumer demand continues to grow. Not was the presentation on gas reserves and production prospects in Alberta and British Columbia very encouraging for NBP or for the Maclean's utilities executives in the room. There isn't enough gas in Canada to offset the coming production declines in the U.S.

An officer of a large upstream oil company suggested the U.S. could bridge the gap between demand growth and the cost of Arctic supplies by rapidly expanded imports of liquefied natural gas, or LNG. I questioned that assumption, arguing that in the wake of 9/11, Washington will be wary of logistic reliance on fleets of LNG tankers vulnerable to terrorist using Stinger missiles. Homeland Security Director Tom Ridge has a broad mandate to protect Americans from terrorism, and he might well decide that the gains for American energy companies aren't worth the risk of leaving major energy assets.

The question of aboriginal rights came up. Various attendees commented on the differing situations (1) between Canada and the U.S., and (2) within Canada itself, depending on whether there were treaties in existence. Building pipelines across aboriginal lands in the U.S. is relatively straightforward once environmental restrictions are met, because the

approach to providing full compensation is well-established. The Canadian situation is much more complicated, a big problem for people in the gas industry contemplating costly pipelines from the far North.

During the social hours, I got to know the NBP people present, all of whom are still Enron employees. They spoke of visiting the company's Houston headquarters and working across empty

floors that had so recently been jammed with people, many of whom they had known for years. I heard stories about the effect on these Northerners of the shady deals in Texas. One of the support staff told me that, including Enron stock she had acquired over many years through stock options and in her 401(k) retirement plan, she had, at the peak, \$1 million invested in Enron—which she never sold. Her husband, a stockbroker, had called her in March, 2001, to say that Enron's sudden rise in falling stock "like crap." Shouldn't she get out?

"I told him, 'I just heard Sallinger [Enron's CEO] speak last week, and he said the stock is going much higher.' So I hung on." She paused. "Yeah, I know that I should have diversified. Everybody's been telling me that."

Enron's leadership had been aggressive, visionary and charismatic. It was so easy to believe they were going to change the world. And they did. But, with the exception of these boring pipelines, not so planned.

Donald Coxie is chairman of Harris Investment Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based Jones Howard Investments.

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Writing with a vengeance

The capital "R" in **Laurence Fishburne's** *Revenge* is her shorthand for "revenge." It appears regularly in the 50 reporter's pads that she has from 1998—the year she's living in Jerusalem, searching for the man who shot her father in the head. Everything about revenge fascinates Fishburne—why a person craves it, the extent to which people will go to seek it, what causes it. On leave from her job at the *Washington Post*, Fishburne interviewed hundreds of people, from Grade 5 girls in schoolyard fights to Benjamin Netanyahu, Israel's former prime minister, whose older brother was killed by an Arab airplane hijacker. She used journalism as her reason to talk to people

but refused to tell anyone (other than her husband) that she was seeking revenge for her father. "It was embarrassing," says Fishburne, 38. "It's hard to admit to other people that you have a need to make back, get even. You are supposed to move past it."

After returning to her New York home, Fishburne wrote *Revenge: A Story of Hope*. The book details her father's 1986 trip to Jerusalem when he was shot by a young Palestinian man. Fishburne's father (a rabbi) survived and the gunman went to prison. But that was not enough for Fishburne. "My main motive was Can I make my father human in the gunman's eyes?" she explains. And in her determination to do that, Fishburne went to extraordinary lengths—tracking down

Isn't he Wonderful

In the span of 20 minutes, **Glenn Lewis** breaks into song. Even better: For this Toronto R&B singer—who recently has a hit single, *Don't You Forget It*—it's the best way to tell a story. When talking about the kind of music his two young boys like, he narrows it down: "The [get it] bad, when you're on the phone, hang up and you call right back." When told that *Don't You Forget It* is a hit, he says that's a fine bit of his on the *Later Show* with David Letterman, he says that's something he can't grasp, then effects a garbled falsetto and sings, "Come back to me, I'm begging you please!"—from Jackson's 1968 CD, *My Girl*. "How that's a sweet song," says Lewis. And when he digs into the subject of *Stevie Wonder*, with whom he's often compared, Lewis explains, "I am certainly not trying to make songs that sound like Stevie, but the influence just comes out because to me that is what music is supposed to sound like." Then he breaks into Wonder's *Cheer*: "I can hear you alright."

As his two sons, Xavier, 8, and Bailey, 4, now attend his lessons on singing, Lewis, 35, who spent his early years of struggling to make it in Canada, he hooked up with producers in Philadelphia and landed a deal with Epic Records, which released his CD, *World Outside My Window*. But success in the U.S. means he hasn't spent much time in Toronto with his kids. "We're here right," says Lewis, when his kids 39s and is repeated from *Shelly*, the boy's mother: "But when it's all done, the quality of our lives will be a lot better. I am happy that I can do this for them." Another reason to break into song.

the shooter's family, meeting witnesses, interviewing survivors from similar attacks and, ultimately, confronting the gunman. The experience she shares are intimate and haunting but also, says Fishburne, universal. "Everyone has felt a need for revenge at some point."



Fishburne (centre, holding a child) with the family of her father's shooter

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BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

The prospect of interviewing Woody Allen seems daunting—how do you talk to the man who virtually invented the art of witty conversation in American movies? You brace yourself for disappointment, and not just because meeting in person in the flesh can be deflating. For ages we've complained that 'Woody Allen films—like *Serendipity*, *Night Live* or the Rolling Stones—are not what they used to be. Allen abdicated his role as a sexy movie star when his ditsy Mita Farrow for his adopted daughter Soon-Yi, while *Midnight in Paris* (1992), a movie that echoed the scandal with grumpy naming, was his last co-coordinating look at romantic lips.

Since then, like a competitive underdog trying to win back our affections, Woody has been dancing as fast he can, with a prolific output of stylish comedies and sexy farces: *Matchstick Men*, *Mystery*, *Bulletproof Brainstorm*, *Night of the Living Dead*, *Everyone Says I Love You*, *Deconstructing Harry*, *Cleopatra*, *Sweet and Lowdown*, *Small Time Crash* and *The Curse of the Jade Scorpion*. Nine movies in eight years—and not a single smart comedy about love in the real world. But when he makes us laugh, all is briefly forgiven.

Allen's latest offering, *Hollywood Ending*, is another light comedy, and it's funny—for a while. At least it's not clay. Instead of playing another neurotic creep with a weakness for hookers or students, Woody sends up his role as romantic actor at odds with Hollywood. He plays Vil Wooten, an Oscar-winning American director whose career has seen better days. Vil's co-wife, Elke (Tim Lincecum), who dumped him for a slick studio head named Hal (Treat Williams), is producing a remake of a '60s movie set in Manhattan. And, against everyone's better judgment, she persuades Hal to hire her ex. "Who better to direct that?" she asks. "The streets of New York are in his nature." Maybe so, but Vil chooses an ex-director who wants to rebuild Central Park in a studio, and a Chinese cameraman who speaks no English. And when Vil comes down with a case of psychosomatic blindness, his artistic vision becomes the movie's central joke.

When we first glimpse Woody's character, he's shooting a doozy on commercial in Canada, wearing a parka in a blizzard. "I can't stand alone," he mutters. "They

get mease up here. Are anyone carnal-convol?" Then, beating the caricature to a pulp, Vil comes home to Manhattan and pulls out a couple of pals he got in a trade with a rapper. It's weird to see this fake-snow blur of Canada cliché in a Woody Allen movie. And his character's name, Vil Wooten—is it a homage to the late Canadian actor Al Waxman? Is *Hollywood Ending* infired with a sophisticated ironic salience about the Great White North as Hollywood's backlot?

When I arrive at Toronto's elegant Windsor Arms Hotel, Allen is hunched in the dining room as Ella Fitzgerald sings *The Lady Is a Tramp* on the sound system. It's as if he's still in New York, carrying Man-

hattan with him wherever he goes. We sit across from him at the bar. "I don't like to be in strange hotels and strange cities. I'm always thinking what if my appendix bursts and I'm in Bangkok or some variation of that." But Soon-Yi (who's shopping up the street at Rouse) gets me out of the house. I go to Europe and these places because she really likes it. The whole family always travels ensemble. Today I came here with two rappers and two kids."

Suddenly, Woody is everywhere. He appeared at the Ocean for the first time ever, and in mid-May he makes his first visit to the Cannes Film Festival, which opens with *Hollywood Ending*. So is the media pushing him harder to promote his movies? "No," he says. "There's some pseudo-science that the studio has of how

WOODY'S WORLD

He reflects on movies, marriage and mortality

human with him wherever he goes. We sit across from him at the bar. "I don't like to be in strange hotels and strange cities. I'm always thinking what if my appendix bursts and I'm in Bangkok or some variation of that." But Soon-Yi (who's shopping up the street at Rouse) gets me out of the house. I go to Europe and these places because she really likes it. The whole family always travels ensemble. Today I came here with two rappers and two kids."

So much for the sophisticated ironic salience. But what about Al Waxman? Allen looks baffled. "I've never heard of Al Waxman."

Fine. But why after all these years, has Woody come to Canada? He shrugs. "They always map out a little tour of places I'm supposed to go, and I always say there are some cities you should really send me that I've never been to. So they finally send

to open a film. They're always figuring these things out as if it were physics, and then they lose money. With all their market research, and sending me various places, it doesn't make any difference."

Among American directors working with Hollywood money, Allen has a unique level of independence. His deal with DreamWorks allows him to script and shoot a movie without a shred of interference. Studio executives don't even know what they're getting until it's finished. "The only thing that keeps me working in France," says Allen, supposing a laugh at the name idea of France. "Europe in general has been very good to me. And my films don't cost a lot of money. Even when they lose, which they do frequently, they don't lose that much money."

Like Vil in *Hollywood Ending*, Allen has been on a losing streak with audiences and critics. But, he says, "I'm much more stable than the character in the movie. I've never been fired for not completing a picture, or had major budget problems. I'm not a hypochondriac." Nor a hypochondriac? "No, I'm an alienist. I don't imagine that I'm sick when I'm not. But if I wake up in the morning with chapped lips or a hangover, I think it's a brain ailment." Gee, maybe, perhaps, from splitting hairs.

Allen does share his character's disdain for Hollywood movies. Asked to list his favorite recent films, every title he came



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Films

up with you knaves—*The Ties of Color*, *Amore perico*, *V* is *visual* *ambiguity* and *Sausages*. When pressed for an American title, he dips back two years and comes up with *The Godfather* on *My American* films just don't engage your interest as an adult," he says. "I don't mean an intellectual adult, just a common-sense adult. They're silly, dumb, middle-of-the-road, unimpaired films for the most part."

Of course, some critics find his own work lacking substance these days. And while I suggest that it's been over a decade since he's made a serious comedy like *Hannah and Her Sisters* or *Crossed My Mind*, he says, "Those are the things that really cause offense to me. It's hard to get good out-and-out comedy praise. But relationships, there are many different aspects that lend themselves to comedy." His new film, he promises, "doesn't have an overall comic premise like *Hollywood Ending*, and it does have a very serious undercurrent." He seems shooting it in June, and all he'll say is that "it's a character comedy, it's contemporary, and it's a fun Jason Biggs, Christina Ricci, myself, Danny DeVito and Glenn Close."

Sitting across from Woody Allen, it's easy to accept what he always insists is true: that, contrary to popular belief, he's very different from the character he plays onscreen. Though shy and soft-spoken, he exudes confidence. He's thoughtful and articulate, he doesn't stutter or whine. So why then does he always cast himself as a delinquent, rebel? "Well, I'm trying to be funny and I have a very broad range as an actor. I could never play Chelov or 99 per cent of the things Dustin Hoffman could play. But the two things I can do is play that character and a low-life grifter, for some reason. I'm not an intellectual—but I'm believable as an intellectual because of my height and my glasses. I guess I fall back on what I've seen other comedians do, whether it's Bob Hope or Charlie Chaplin, to always be cowardly, and dreaming grandiose schemes that are ludicrous, and losing after women you can't have."

Speaking of women, I segue to Soap-Yi and expect him to blinch. Instead, he seems warmed by the subject. "I've been married five, I guess, four years, and it's been wonderful. I wish it had happened much earlier in my life. I don't know if it could have. I have [two adopted] chil-

dren and a wife at this stage in my life, because I can afford it and I can educate them and bring them up well. So I'm having a wonderful time, but why it comes the anxiety that it's going to end suddenly in some catastrophic way. That I'm going to get hit by a meteor."

For someone so notoriously concerned about his own mortality, isn't there something poignant about him being more than twice as old as his wife? "There is, but extremely enough, it's the thing that makes it work. The age difference makes it work very, very well. There's a paternal sense, a sense of wanting to do something for somebody else. The downside is, if I say 'John Foster Dulles' or something, she'll say, 'Who?' It doesn't even have to be John Foster Dulles. It can be Ava Gardner. She'll say, 'What Ava Gardner?' So there it becomes very poignant."

But Soap-Yi is now 31, and the taboo romance has grown up into a nuclear family. Which may explain why he's stopped making serious comedies about social morality and personal angst. The world's most notorious consumer of psychoanalysis has even stopped his therapy. "When I started going with Soap-Yi," he recalls, "some kind of sudden lifted from me, some kind of anxious feeling, and I just stopped and never returned."

"I've always felt this about psychoanalysis, I'm a bad character player, and I once brought my therapist in to have it overhauled because the pads were giving me, and the springs were no good. The guy did a beautiful job, and I came back and said to him, 'Will I play better now?' And he said, 'Yes, but not as much as you'll like to.' That's the exact same thing with psychoanalysis. One hopes it's going to solve all your problems, and it doesn't really solve any of them, but it does help."

Meanwhile, Allen is slowly losing his hearing. "I can hear but I don't have the same natural acuity I had when I was younger," he says. "My father was over 100 when he died and my mother was over 95, and they never had hearing aids. So I'm hoping I can stretch it out as long as I can without having to do this whole yelling talking to me." He raises his finger up a hearing aid and grins. You can see the dark flicker of an idea—a movie about a master of witty dialogue going deaf might be even funnier than one about a vicious director going blind.



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Show Business



The Cirque's sweet shock

As always, its new show takes us to a magical realm

Our daily lives are framed by routine and predictability, but we know there has to be more to existence than just this pedestrian realm—don't we? The child we once were remembers, somehow, a place out there where the laws of gravity, efficiency, competition and consequence aren't so stringent, a world in which strange, beautiful, inspiring things happen.

So, a new show by the Cirque du Soleil is always a shock, but a sweet shock—a revelation, in fact, that the implausible is there for the taking. Just walk under the big top, Alice, into this wonderland where dancers fly in the air in some synchronicity, beautiful women fold backwards and tie their limbs in knots, clowns utter a language nobody has ever heard but everyone understands, gymnasts doze off like somnambulists while from one side of the stage to



The stunning, recently unveiled *Varekai* leaves audiences speechless and inspired

another, and plenty of impossible things look easy and natural.

Varekai is the name of the new show that premiered in Montreal's Old Port on April 24, and, as usual, words aren't sufficient to describe what this production is all about: like other Cirque spectacles (seven of which are currently running abroad), it's a rich

and eclectic fusion of dance, acrobatics, theatre music and buffoonery, a very modern, yet rich, masterfully conceived variation on the age-old travelling show. The words "fabulous," "ecce" and "Folliesque" have all been used over and over but have fallen way short of evoking the powerful impact the Cirque has it leaves you speechless, and inspired.

Varekai is a Romanay word meaning "wherever," it tells a gypsy-flavoured show destined to cross the sea and around the world (it plays in Montreal till June 16, then travels to Quebec City and, later, Toronto). But last week, for the instance-only crowd of more than 2,000 local artists and celebrities—including Lucien Bouchard, Robert Lapage, Michel Tremblay and Gail Vignault—it seemed very much a show for the hometown crowd. This day, perennially plagued by linguistic issues, has invented a new idiom—call it, *circuque*—in which a composer from Italy, a costume designer from Japan, a local director named Dominic Champagne and performers from everywhere else can get together and create a dream.

Benoit Aubin

New steps at age 50

A half-century old, the National Ballet of Canada is trying to revitalize itself

BY JOHN BERNARDE

Here, a clutch of young women dressed in a variety of mismatched outfits—loose-fitting shirts and skirts and bulky warm-up socks—flow effortlessly across the floor with a fine drizzling of poses and steps. Over them, a young male dancer with the proud carriage of a god suddenly leaps into the air, quickly rotates three times, and continues walking as if he'd done nothing, more difficult than scratch his nose. Meanwhile, at the front of the Toronto rehearsal rooms, National Ballet of Canada artistic director James Kudrka seems lost in a trance. Nodding his head and muttering to himself, he's counting out the steps for a section of his new ballet, *The Centaur*, to be given in world premiere on May 4. Canada's largest, most internationally prominent ballet company turned 50 last fall, and *The Centaur* will crown a celebratory season that finds the National—best known for its unapologetic staging of classics like *The Nutcracker* and *Swan Lake*—struggling for a place on the cutting edge of dance.

Among the world's leading companies, the National has long been a rebel, sold critics—though one given to scolding outbreaks of brilliance, like a truffy aunt suddenly fired up on too much sherry. It's been favored by its own genuine stars, among them Nadia Potts, Veronica Tennant, Karen Kain, Frank Augustyn and Rex Harrington. And it has featured such great international figures as Rudolf Nureyev and Erik Bruhn, the Danish dancer who ran the company in the mid-'80s. But the National has also had to suffer the strain of poor relations beside the richer companions of Europe and New York. Chronically underfunded—in fact, many new productions have been mounted only through the largesse of patrons like Toronto philanthropist Walter Cansler—it currently carries a \$3-million debt, and can afford only a skeletal administrative staff. And because of Toronto's perennial failure to build a new

ballet-opera house, it doesn't even have its own performance space, making do instead with the cavernous, 3,200-seat Hamiltonburg Centre—a building the National's founder, Celia Franca, calls "that great bloody barn."

Yet the National's history has insured it to such difficulty. Fifty years ago, it made its first appearance in the understated Eaton Auditorium, upstairs from an Eaton's department store. Franca—a veteran of England's Sadler's Wells Ballet—cleverly masked her dancers' shortcomings by choosing repertoire that didn't ask too much of them. Under her determined, ascetic leadership, the company improved so rapidly it soon began to tour the country



Kain and Nureyev in *Giselle*, 1979

It performed in arenas, community halls and school gyms, on floors too cold or too hard or too small, and in 1958 it staged Goethe's *Herrmann* in a theatre and changed the life of its eight-year-old girl.

Immediately after the performance, Karen Kain demanded ballet lessons, and within two years was a student at the fledgling National Ballet School, founded by that other strong woman in the company's history, Betty Oliphant. The English ballet teacher turned out several generations of fine young dancers, though Kain

recalls her tendency to play favorites. "Betty was crazy about me in the early years," Kain told Macdonald, "and she tried to make a obvious neoversion of the class. That made me very unpopular with my peers. Then when I was 14 I got really plump, and she ignored me. I was much happier."

Slim and handsome at 51, the National's former prima ballerina is now its artistic associate. Her eyes light up as she talks about Nureyev, who in 1972 chose her to dance opposite him in the new production of *Sleeping Beauty* he was choreographing for the company. At first, the 21-year-old Canadian was so shy she could hardly meet his gaze. But she flowered under his demanding but affectionate guidance, and she and the National went on to triumph with him in the world's great trage. "Rudolf had so much charisma that you just had to learn to hold your own," Kain recalls. "If you didn't, you were obliterated."

Why did Nureyev, with all the world's ballet troupes to choose from, select the National to work with? "He really loved this company," says Kain. "He loved our attitude—there was no overt ego or jealousy. Everyone was willing to try whatever he wanted us to do."

Today, the landscape of ballet has changed. The upstairs are gone. "Since Kain left, we haven't really had a star—our audience hasn't chosen one, at least not yet," says Kudrka, himself a former dancer with the National. The intense, 46-year-old artistic director arrives on a future in which the company as a whole is the star, dancing at such a consistently high level that people can depend on it for an evening of superb performance. "We're not there yet," he acknowledges, adding that one reason the National hasn't attained the standard held like a hat over its door to create more depth in the company. That might mean that a lead role is given to a top-ranked dancer one night, while a lesser light gets a whisk at it the next time.

Kudrka is also trying to strengthen the



National's ability to develop new work. It's a truly proposition, since much of its audience is highly conservative. Some opposed that Kudrka took too many liberties in his recent remake of *Swan Lake*, even though it retained a 19th-century romantic sensibility. At a time when many ballet companies, especially in Europe, are offering raw-edged versions of the classic set in downtown rehearsal houses, the National can look rather tame.

Kudrka is one of the finest choreographers this country has produced, and his impatience to drag the National more firmly into the world of contemporary

Kudrka works to make the troupe bolder

ballet is palpable. To do this, he feels he must change the company itself. Bored in a culture that encourages complacency and stylistic conformity, many ballet dancers have trouble opening themselves to the vulnerable, trial-by-fire process of creation. "I'm trying to instill the artists more, to encourage them to be more generous in illuminating their roles," he says. "It's a long process, and over the past few years I've been through hell trying to do it."

In recent decades, the National has produced a fair number of new works, some

of the most exciting by Kudrka himself. Bizarrely, *The Centaur*, with a score by U.S. composer Michael Telle and a set by celebrated Canadian designer Michael Levine, marks the first time it has ever mounted its own original, full-length story ballet. *Will The Centaur*, a sort of *Mad Pigeon* tale focusing on a female orphan, showcases a company that has taken a major stride towards finding its own unique style and presence. As Kudrka's dancers rehearse, it's clear their skills are beyond dispute. But whether they can sustain the soulful daring that animates the truly great companies is still very much in question.

How war scars its young survivors

At the beginning of the 20th century, more out of every 10 people killed in war were soldiers. Now, nine out of 10 are civilians, and none of them are children. With that brutal fact, Toronto filmmaker Shelley Sappell opens *A Child's Journey of War* (History Television, May 6). But in what follows, she focuses on those who've survived—and the message is equally disturbing. Sappell travelled to three parts of the world to interview children who bear the scars of military conflict. The images of the young victims are as moving as their words. In a Chechen orphanage, Shaina, 16, rocks a sleeping baby in the blinka-blinka tone and speaks in a resigned voice about Russian soldiers raiding her house and killing her parents. In Sierra Leone—where 10,000 children have been abducted, many of them dragged and forced to carry out atrocities as part of a decade-long civil war—we meet Fatma Maria. Visible above the bodice of her blouse are the scars R.U.F. branded into her skin by the rebel forces. Asked what the most wishes for, the 14-year-old says, "I want to find my family. I want roses removed from my chest. I want a future."

And in the West Bank city of Hebron, Sappell nearly alienates her own divisions among adults are faithfully reproduced in their children. Palestinian Najla, 13, and Israeli Neta, 12, live on the same street, the latter in a Jewish settlement established in the mid-1980s. Both are thoughtful,



These Chechen orphans are among millions with physical and emotional wounds

articulate girls who, right, in another context, be best friends. But historic forces divide them. Flinching at the sound of gunfire outside her door, Najla says, "When I see a Jewish girl, I feel fear." Neta, on the other hand, is not offended by Arab hostility to Jews. Rather, she says, "If they loved me it would save me."

The children, however, are able to rise above their status as victims. Along with scenes of kids dancing and playing football in the streets, Sappell presents former child soldiers in Sierra Leone who are producing a radio show aimed at reuniting children with their families. And she takes us to Winnipeg in September, 2000, where child delegates to the first International Confer-

ence on War-Affected Children are developing a series of resolutions.

Sappell offers some historical analysis as well. Archival footage of earlier war accompanies readings of diary entries written by children in Hiroshima, London, Leningrad and elsewhere. Norman Christopher Plummer provides a skeletal commentary about how changes in the instruments of conflict—from gun battles to aircraft bombings to nuclear weapons and guerrilla warfare—have made children increasingly vulnerable. But his is the only adult voice of authority. "We hear experts on nuclear weapons," Sappell told *Maclean's*. "How often do we really listen to a child?"

See Ferguson

We are what we watch

During the Gulf War of 1991, the world tuned in to CNN. Since Sept. 11, however, much of the footage of the war in Afghanistan and Middle East violence has come from a new media player: In *Al-Jazeera* (HagerCollins), author Mohammed el-Nawawy and Egyptian-Canadian Adnan Al-Solhadi, both journalists incarcerated at U.S. universities, trace the impact of the Arab news network that first broadcast Osama bin Laden to the world. Based in only Qatari al-Jazeera (Dubai for "the island") is alternately condemned as a terrorist marketplace and praised as the true voice of the Arab street. It is an essential access never lost elsewhere in Arabic media, including interviews with Israeli officials and frank political criticism.

Al-Jazeera, the authors say, has become man-viewing for Arabs and a political force in its own right.



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When you're a folkie-psyche, folkie-teaching university professor in New England, it's only natural that sooner or later you're going to hear about the milking-trail music scene in nearby Cape Breton. But Bert Finkelstein, director of the Center for the Humanities at the University of New Brunswick, first discovered the Nova Scotia Islands adding another line to a roundabout melody while exploring the music of England's Northumbrian region where, like Cape Breton, was also settled by people down out of Scotland in the 18th century who brought their musical traditions with them. "When I first

really got up to Cape Breton," says Finkelstein, "I was blown away by the beauty and intensity of the music and the place."

Now he's sharing that excitement in *The Heart of Cape Breton: Fiddle Music Remastered Live Along the Scottish Trail* (Joh), the second documentary recording he's done for the prestigious Smithsonian Folkways label. Finkelstein chose a sampling of the music to record on the west coast of Cape Breton during one July week in 2000, looking to identify with the music of England's Northumbrian region where, like Cape Breton, was also settled by people down out of Scotland in the 18th century who brought their musical traditions with them. "When I first

menting with the music of England's Northumbrian region where, like Cape Breton, was also settled by people down out of Scotland in the 18th century who brought their musical traditions with them. "When I first

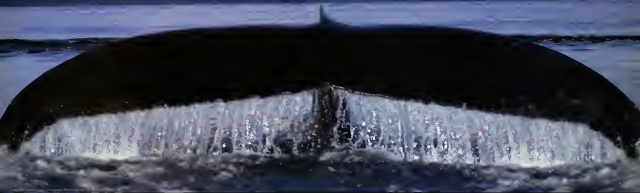
Maclean's on the CD. As he tells a tale that picks itself an authority more than a commercial success, Finkelstein searched for the essence of the Scottish-fiddle music through lesser-known local artists like Brenda Stubbs, Jerry Holland, Ken Maclean and Gail MacMaster-Katlin's uncle and the acknowledged dean of the Cape Breton fiddle—when they captured an essence and dances in community centers, church halls and music festivals.

"The music itself—beautiful and hard-driving—is remarkable," says Finkelstein. "But with the exception of the Cajun and Zydeco traditions in the American South, I can't think of anywhere where music has so much vitality and is such a part of community life."

John DeMott



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A lament for quality

I was prom again in my neck of the woods recently, and as far as I can tell, the evening unfolded pretty much according to script. The girls were shiny and beautiful, the boys neat and handsome. As always, a certain handful seemed hell-bent on redefining the word fun, and just about everyone broke curfew. But the morning after, when a group of mothers headed off on a Sunday walk, the topic of curfew was pretty low on the totem pole. No, the hot-button issue was the scene it had been the week before, and the week before that as well. Namely, where was the fresh-faced group heading in September? Which university was the best bet?

(Read the least crowded.) One mother was notably silent, the one whose son is headed to the States. But for the rest, the debate was hot. If Ontario universities were going to be filled to the rafters, what was wrong with a geographical cure? Surely it was less crowded at UBC? McGill? Surely you could outrun the system by heading elsewhere? Right?

Actually, wrong. It's a heck of a question, but the simple answer is no. Why? Because no province in Canada has made higher education a high priority. What we have is a series of periodic dis-experiments in public policy. Some better than others, but overall, nothing to write home about. Despite all the evidence that history has repeated itself, with the baby boom generation producing a decent number of babies themselves, and even though this is a knowledge economy in which brains are the prime commodity by which we compete, the ugly truth is that somehow we forgot to make the proper investments in higher education. Sure, there have been some interesting federal initiatives, especially those targeted at research. But let's be honest: in the battle for public dollars, health has stolen all the thunder. As Stephen Dine once said, "Populism promises us health because people die in hospitals and they do not die in universities—except at times from boredom."

Well, sure. But doesn't the future health of Canada depend on a well-educated public? Shouldn't we have done a better job in getting ready for the biggest class ever? Did it not strike anyone as odd that while the Americans boosted their investment in public universities by 30 per cent over the past 20 years, Canadians shrank theirs by 20 per cent? Did no one notice that the Irish had followed suit? And the Koreans. And the French. And the Aussies. I could go on.

When I landed in university in 1971, the student-faculty ratio was 23 to one. Today? Thirty-one to one. And that gap will only widen: Canadian universities are expecting an additional 200,000 students over the next decade. Meanwhile, the



number of faculty is 10 per cent lower than what it was a decade ago. Yikes.

Now, in the heat of all possible worlds, the federal government and the provinces would quit their squabbling and show true leadership, working together as their counterparts did in the 1960s. In a perfect world, they would use some of that \$15-billion surplus to boost operating grants, giving Canadian universities the resources they need to renew faculty. They would shift the responsibility for setting tuition to the universities themselves (as British Columbia just did). And yes, tuition would rise (as it did at B.C. institutions, where a two-year freeze was lifted in February). Finally, all universities would earmark a significant portion of the new revenue for three purposes: increased financial aid, improvement of the learning environment, and better communication with the K-12 system, to ensure that access was preserved.

Yes, if you descend in technicolor, that's what would happen. But let's be realistic at best: operating grants are going to stay right where they are. Which means that if the learning environment is going to improve, tuition must go up. And yes, the three other conditions must apply.

Now, some will say that I'm letting government off the hook. But let I looked, government wasn't on the hook. As Canadians, we pride ourselves on university access. But think it over: access to what? If education is one generation debt to the next, how can we believe we are making good on that debt when course offerings are shrinking and multiple-choice exams are becoming increasingly common? Freezing tuition, or keeping it low, is not a cost-free policy for students investing upwards of four years on a mediocre experience.

If, as Arthur Koestler once suggested, humans were equipped with nuclei for the sole purpose of doing them out, isn't it time some of us put our nuclei to good use? Bill Leggett, the principal of Queen's University, certainly should be commended for saying that; actually, he asked Ontario to approve a proposal whereby the university would raise tuition in all regulated programs by 10 per cent in each of the next four years. By 2005, that would amount to \$5,900—less than the current tuition at Acadia. With the additional funds, the university was going to significantly boost student financial aid, upgrade the learning environment, and hire faculty and staff to reduce the student-faculty ratio in Arts and Science. The government said no. Now, instead of hiring 50 faculty in Arts and Science, the university is eliminating 22 faculty positions. Quality, once again, is about to be compromised. And this mother, for one, is shaking her head.



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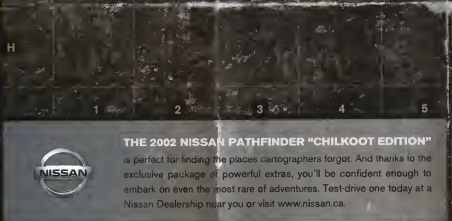
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